CHICAGO LEDGER

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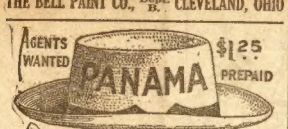

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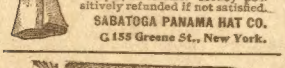

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The Editor Has His Say Here

THERE are other casualty lists besides those from France. This week the editor has received letters from the editors of other publications in which they announce the immediate or forthcoming suspension of their papers as a result of the unprecedented conditions caused by the war. Every Week, a popular New York publication, and other weeklies have decided that they cannot bear the burden of increased materials and higher postage and will not attempt to publish until peace comes again. It is sad to get these letters from editors with whom one has at least an acquaintance by mail. Some of these publications are old ones, many of them are comparatively newcomers. Yet all of them have received blows that they cannot weather.

ON THE other hand, consider the Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade. We recently announced that these two papers would continue the fight and that the increased expenses would not be passed on to the readers. In other words, you are going to get your Ledger and Blade right along every week just as you have for so many years past. There will be just as much reading matter and the price remains the same—a nickel each. Perhaps you have not been a regular reader of these publications in the past. Perhaps this is the first copy of the Ledger you have seen in a long, long time. Even tho you may feel friendly to a paper which you have known for years you sometimes neglect it, just as you neglect human friends. Then some day you meet again. You are pleasantly surprised to find your friend has not lost in any way during the period of separation. He is still as young and as full of pep as ever, even more vigorous than in the days when you knew him before. Your interests are much alike and you resume with pleasure a friendship that had lapsed for some reason.

SO IT is with a paper. If for any reason you have not been a steady reader of the Ledger and Blade now is a good time to start in again. Read both of them carefully. Study their features, their stories, their news articles and analyze them in your own mind. Consider for yourself if they are not worth a nickel each—and more. We are willing to leave the decision up to you. After all, it is the reader who must say whether a paper is good and gives him his money's worth. We know that we are giving you good papers, as good as you can get anywhere, and if you will take the time to read the Ledger and the Blade we just know that you will judge them correctly. If you do it will be the beginning, or the renewal, of a friendship which we trust will be lifelong.

WE WANT you to read this number carefully. It is a good all-around assortment of fiction and we have tried to appeal to every taste. "The Pendulum of Fate," the two-part story which begins in this issue, is a mystery story, intricately weaved so that you will have to read it thru to get the solution. It is well written and absorbing. "The Soul of a U-boat Commander" is an unusual tale and one that should interest you, dealing as it does with the vipers of the sea. It offers a keen insight into the methods used by the Hun in the present war and is prophetic of the inevitable revolt against such methods by the German people themselves on the day they discover how they have been made tools of ambitious, unscrupulous rulers. "When Annie Showed Him," which appears on Page 24, is a delightful short story and one that every woman who is married will read with keen pleasure. We might go on enumerating every story in the paper and have a good word for each. Particularly do we want you to read "A Hero With a Past," which, as we told you some time ago, is true in every detail with the exception of the names. We wouldn't want the name of one of our heroic soldier boys to be besmirched in the least by revealing the errors of his past. But as an intensely interesting human document "A Hero With a Past" is well worth reading.

IN THE next number we will feature the beginning of a three-installment story, "In the Sign of the Purple Dagger," concerning which we told you last week. It is a story of the mines of today, hedged about as they are by the necessity of keeping production to the utmost and at the same time combatting the machinations of those who would see us lose this war by undermining our spirit and confidence at home. Perhaps you or some of your home folks are miners. Do you realize that you are playing a big part at home in helping us to crush German ambition? You hear of a strike in some mine in some other part of the country, some disaster that does not seem very close to you. But stop a moment and think. Perhaps it was the work of German agents. They may choose the town where you live, the very mine in which you work, for their next attempt. If "In the Sign of the Purple Dagger" succeeds in bringing home to you just how constantly and persistently we must fight the German peril at home it will have taught a great lesson. Not that the story was intended as such. It is fiction pure and simple, altho based on several true and dramatic incidents. But it might very well be true.

IT IS not too late, either, to start reading the other serials which are running in the Ledger—"Into the Primitive," "The Blood of Montezuma" and the two-part story, "The Pendulum of Fate," which begins in this issue. We are publishing each week complete synopses of the earlier installments of our serials, so that you can pick up any copy of the Ledger and start right then with any story which it contains. Quite frequently we get letters asking for our serials in book form. They do not appear as such, and if they did you would be compelled to pay anywhere from $1 to $2 each. It is much easier to order back copies of the Ledger containing these installments in full and, in fact, it is the only way you can get them.

AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN comes back into the Ledger columns next week with a thrilling and dramatic short story called "A Race for the Wire." It is so very interesting that to it we have accorded the honor of leading off that number of the Ledger. It is another tale of the far away places of the earth and is tinged with the savor of romance and adventure of the men who dare and do. Another Ledger favorite, Hapsburg Liebe, is represented by a short story called "Pardner." We don't know whether Liebe served in the Phillipines in our late unpleasantness or not, but he has chosen them for the setting of his story and he has done a splendid job. We hope you will like "Pardner." There are not the only short stories in the next number, but we want them to come to you without any advance notice. Sometimes the unexpected things are the sweetest.

The Editor.

* * *

A Heavy Flood.

Jenkins was decidedly peevish at the office one morning, and his partner ventured to ask if anything was wrong.

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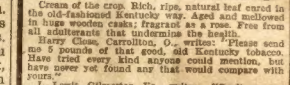

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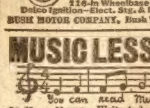
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NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 8, 1918. No. 23.

Beginning a Two-part Story of Mystery and Love

THE PENDULUM OF FATE

By Claude and Marie Watts

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CHAPTER I.

THE KISS.

BLAIR RANDOLPH, making his way out of the ballroom to the spacious veranda of the Country Club, almost collided with his brother, Matt, who was entering.

"Beg pardon, old man," said the latter, "it's my dance with Barbara and I was in a hurry." He passed on while Blair sought a big chair in the shadows. A moment later the orchestra struck up a waltz and its languorous measure lured within the few persons who had remained on the veranda in resistance to the more vigorous dances. Across a wide ray of light thrown thru the wide flung doors Blair saw his brother and Barbara Byrd as they emerged. He watched them as Matt found a comfy chair for the girl and perched himself before her, his feet dangling. Suddenly Matt leaned forward, hands on knees and spoke earnestly to the girl. Her head was bent as she listened intently, then she tossed her head, clapped her hands softly together and said clearly, "Yes, Matt." What else passed between them Blair could not hear, but Barbara's musical, excited laugh came to him on the faint breeze. It was a not uncommon scene for these two to be together, but suddenly Matt leaned over her chair and kissed her full upon the mouth.

Blair Randolph's lips tightened. The kiss had surprised him, altho it is no unusual occurrence between affianced lovers and Blair and every one else supposed Matt and Barbara to be engaged. But never before had Blair seen his brother kiss the girl. He had no desire to spy on them and knew they would not suspect him of doing so or care if he did see. But as he closed his eyes, his hands gripped tightly the arms of his chair and a feeling of mingled misery and rage swept over him as he heard them, laughing and chatting, return to the ballroom. For in that moment Blair Randolph realized for the first time how very, very hard he would find it to see fulfilled the pledge which presumably would join together the lives of these two.

The Byrd homestead and the Randolph property were adjoining and for years back the families had been intimate. Both the Randolphs and the Byrds boasted family trees as proud and imposing as the towering monarchs of the forest that gave The Oaks its name. They were the elect of the elect in a state where lineage counts for more than lucre, and not to know and be known by them was to confess oneself unknown.

Old Colonel Matthew Randolph, who, with his two orphaned nephews, Blair and Matthew, Jr., occupied The Oaks, had been the lifelong friend of the Byrd family. Barbara's grandfather, Major Byrd, and Colonel Randolph had served thru the four years of the Civil War together, and tho the Colonel had long outlived his comrade in arms they had cemented their friendship with a pledge shortly before Major Byrd's death. Colonel Randolph had come one day for a visit to the Major that they both realized would be one of the last. Young Matt, oblivious to impending tragedy, played about his uncle's knees, while the Major requested that his golden-haired little granddaughter be placed in his arms.

"I'm sorry I can't wait to see her a Randolph bride," he had said, and the Colonel had answered, "I'll make that my business, Jim."

When the city finally reached out its grasping fingers and laid them upon all the property surrounding the Randolph place, and moral suasion instead of financial stress had induced Colonel Randolph to part with the land that formed the Country Club property, he had insisted that Barbara's father keep the land that adjoined The Oaks, in order that he might have Barbara, now coming into a glorious young womanhood, constantly near him. He had never permitted Matt or Barbara to forget the fact that he expected them to marry, and they had grown up in happy comradeship. The Colonel, at least, was hoping to witness soon the nuptials that the young people had seemed content to defer to an indefinite future.

Blair and Matt were the sons of the Colonel's younger brother, who had died, soon after their mother, in the children's infancy, and they could remember no home but The Oaks and no guardian except the Colonel. They were to be his sole heirs. Eccentric both in the rearing of the children and in the management of his extensive estate, the Colonel had been fairly successful with both. Blair at 27 was a quiet, studious man, glad to assist his uncle with his wide affairs, and inclined to take a more serious view of life than his brother. Blair was dark, with a shock of thick, straight hair that shadowed a thin, keen face in which great black eyes burned.

He and Matt were of a height—a bit under 6 feet—but there their resemblance a profession, had turned his attention to his uncle's affairs with good enough grace, occupying much of his spare time with golf. At this game he excelled, being reckoned in many of the amateur championships. Matt found no necessity for seeking occupation of any sort. Carefree, full of the joy of living, he rather overstepped the bounds in living in and for the present moment. Without, however, he was a lovable boy, the apple of his uncle's eye, and the object of yearning solicitude upon Blair's part for which there was small vent. Whenever Blair remonstrated with Matt, or with his uncle, upon the subject of Matt, he found the two united against him. Matt would answer impatiently that he would settle down when he had to, or that he had only one life to live, while the Colonel would chuckle and say, "Let him have his fling."

"I Got the Money, All Right. Good-by, and Tell Blair Good-by for Me."

All these things ran thru Blair Randolph's mind as he sat alone after his brother and Barbara had gone in. Very fond indeed of his brother and thoroly honorable, he had no thought of trying to win Barbara for himself. Somehow he had long since accepted that she was to marry Matt and if indeed he ever had thought of her in any relationship to himself save that of sister-in-law he had fought it down unconsciously as disloyalty to his brother. But the kiss had brought home to him for the first time how very much he cared for the girl and ceased. Matt was blonde, with curly light brown hair, blue eyes and an ever smiling face. He looked much the younger, but in fact there was a scant four years between them.

The old Colonel had his own idea of the life for Southern gentlemen, the management of plantations and other property being the only vocation to his liking. Blair, who would have inclined to in what way and it had left him miserable and sick at heart.

He had no heart for mingling again with the crowd or joining in its gayety, so, leaving word for Matt with an attendant that he had gone home, he got his hat and left.

CHAPTER II.

A STARTLING STORY.

BLAIR RANDOLPH was in anything but a good humor when he awoke. During the long, wakeful hours of the night he had decided that he must have a heart to heart talk with his uncle about Matt, and he knew it would not be a pleasant interview. His uncle always had sided with Matt as against him, and had not infrequently carried this preference to the extent of blaming him for Matt's derelictions. He had never forgotten the time he and Matt had had a boyish quarrel and the latter in a sudden fit of rage had hurled a hatchet at his head. Blair had been the one to receive the caning when their uncle had learned of the affair!

So now when he was to insist that irresponsible, harum-scarum Matt must be steadied down and compelled to take a more serious view of life, if he were to be permitted to think of marrying Barbara, he had a feeling that his uncle would either blame him for criticising his brother or take him to task for Matt's instability of character.

There was nothing bad about Matt. He was just reckless, pleasure-loving and spoiled by indulgence and always finding his lines laid in easy places. The right to the pursuit of happiness came first in his declaration of rights, and Blair doubted if he had ever given two sober, serious thoughts to any one thing. Handsome, clever, always bubbling over with the pure joy of living, every one liked him and he, in turn, liked every one.

Blair knew what his uncle would say. "Stuff and nonsense! The boy's all right! Once he's married you'll see him settle down as a man should. Matrimony is just the thing for him."

But Blair knew, too, of escapades and tendencies such that he was determined there should be some evidences of the settling down process before marriage. Barbara should not marry him to reform him. It was not fair to her, no matter how much she loved him. Her happiness—

That was it—Barbara's happiness! Blair had learned over night how set he was on that. He could only strive for it vicariously, but that he would do, grimly, fiercely.

Blair came down early, dressed for golf. He wanted to get out of doors for a little healthful exercise before his interview with his uncle, realizing that he needed something to take the kinks out of his own disposition before he tackled the irascible old Colonel. He had been unable to find a servant upstairs, and he wandered thru the lower floor and out to the kitchen without discovering one. The kitchen, too, was tenantless.

No cook, no breakfast! Blair's temper flared instantly. There was a button in the butler's pantry that rang a bell in the housekeeper's room. He found it and jabbed it viciously, then held his finger on it, the while he anathematized Mary Morris.

"More of her d—d incompetence!" he muttered.

He knew what had happened. She had had another row with the servants, and they had left in a body—a regular occurrence in the Randolph household. He never could understand why his uncle retained Mary Morris. She was not a good manager. She could not get along with the other servants, and as a result the establishment always was in more or less of a turmoil. Yet she had been there as housekeeper ever since he could remember and made fair to continue in her post as long as Colonel Randolph lived. Moreover, she inflicted her son on them as a chauffeur, and Blair had always insisted that Jimmy Morris wasn't competent to drive an ice wagon.

There came the sound of steps in the kitchen and Blair flung open the door. Mary Morris was moving leisurely about, apparently oblivious to his summons.

"Did you hear me ring?" he demanded.

"The bell isn't working," she answered. "Did you want something?"

"What do you suppose I rang for, if I didn't want something?" He was furious at the cool indifference of her demeanor, and he made no effort to conceal the fact. "I want some breakfast, and I want it in a hurry. I want to know, too, why it is you can't keep a servant in this house."

Mary Morris compressed her lips into a thin line, and a dull glow came into her somber eyes. She was not an old woman, barely middle-aged, in fact, and her dour disposition had not quite obliterated all traces of good looks from her face, but to Blair she seemed a hideous old virago. He had never liked her and felt that she hated him. In this he was far from wrong.

"Breakfast will be served at 8, as usual," she said, crisply, ignoring his demand.

Blair had had many set-tos with Mary Morris, and had usually managed to hold his temper in check, but this particular morning he was short on self-control.

"I want my breakfast, and I want it now!" He snapped the words out, and

emphasized them with a bang of his fist on the table.

"Well, if you want it now, get it yourself," she mocked, and glared at him. Before he could speak, she added: "I'll thank you to get out of the kitchen—you've no business here!"

At that Blair caught hold of himself. "Mary," he said, quietly, "you are insufferable! I shall see that you are discharged if——"

"Oh, you will, will you!" Her voice shrilled as she interrupted him, and her eyes fairly blazed with fury. "Try it! Try it! I dare you!"

Her outburst was so amazing that it had a decidedly cooling effect on Blair, but he was in no wise moved from his purpose.

"I shall speak to my uncle at once," he said. "If there was any doubt about your going you've removed it now."

Blair had been amazed at her before, but he was dumfounded at her actions now. "Is that so?" she shrieked, and then burst into a fit of wild laughter. "I'm to go—you'll discharge me!" Again the laughter that made him wonder if she had a crazy woman on his hands. "Let me tell you something: I'll not go! I'll not be discharged! I've more right in this house than you have! Who are you? Who are you? And who am I? I'll tell you who I am!"

It was as if her tongue lashed her to a greater rage with each word she uttered. On and on she ranted, taunting him, berating him, and, finally, cursing him in an absolute abandon of fury. Disgusted beyond expression, Blair turned to leave the kitchen, but she caught him roughly by the shoulder and whirled him back.

"No, you don't! You'll hear me thru!" Her voice was a scream. "I've had enough of your high and mighty airs. You think I'm the scum of the earth. You've treated me like the dirt under your feet. I've had enough of it, I tell you—enough! I'll show you! You think this place belongs to you—you and your good for nothing brother. I'll fool you! I'll show you! I'll put you in your place!" In her frenzy she clutched again at his shoulder, and it was with difficulty that he shook her off. "This is my home—mine! Do you hear? Do you know who I am? I'm Colonel Randolph's wife, I am, and my son—my son is his son!"

No bolt from a clear sky was ever so unexpected, so astounding. Blair could scarcely credit his ears—it was so utterly preposterous and absurd.

"Why, woman, you're crazy!" he exclaimed.

Then, as suddenly as the storm of her fury had burst, she was sniveling and sobbing.

"I won't stand it any longer!" she blubbered. "We've been made to be servants in the place that's our home by rights, and it ain't fair, and I won't stand it! My Jimmy——"

But Blair was not listening to her ravings. His mind was racing with the possibilities involved in her staggering claim, for incredible as it was he recognized instantly its menace. Scandal and disgrace were imminent, and along with them notoriety of the most painful sort. It would be only temporary, of course, for she would have no proofs. She was lying—that was certain—and had only undertaken a clumsy, brutal form of blackmail.

Then the sickening thought came to him: Was it so certain that Mary Morris was lying? Stranger stories than hers had been proved true. His uncle's celibacy never had been explained. She had been a young and attractive woman when she had come to The Oaks, and his uncle then a man in the prime of life. Court records, Blair knew only too well, had chronicled many a liaison such as that between master and maid, and for every one so chronicled, how many had been shrouded in secrecy?

To his amazement Blair found that he was arguing to himself that the story was true, and from that he did a mental double-quick to a contemplation of what it would mean to him and to his brother if it were true. If Mary Morris could make good her claim any court in the land would give her and her son the bulk of the Randolph estate, no matter what his uncle might try to do with it in his last will and testament, and he and Matt, instead of being rich beyond possibility of care, might be virtually beggared.

A sense of the wrong that had been done his brother and himself overwhelmed him. It was infamous—unthinkable!

"It's a lie!" he cried, hoarsely, and laid hands on her as if to shake from her an admission of her mendacity, but she wrenched away.

"Don't touch me!" she shrilled. "It's true! You'll see! The Colonel may kill me for telling it, but it's true, and I can prove it!"

There was that of terror in her voice as she spoke of the possible consequences to herself of her revelation that was very real and that carried conviction of the truth of her story. Blair turned and strode from the kitchen. Passing thru the hall he picked up his cap and bag of golf clubs mechanically. As he came out the front entrance of the old house he seemed suddenly blinded, but it was not the dazzling brightness of the wonderful June morning that did it—it was an overpowering, unreasoning rage that had laid hold of him, rage against Mary Morris, but most of all rage against his uncle. But he went on to his game.

CHAPTER III.

BARBARA ASKS A FAVOR.

BARBARA BYRD, too, passed a restless, wakeful night following the dance—she had much to think over and many plans to make—and she, too, was down early and out in the garden, ostensibly cutting roses, but really with an eye to developments in the Randolph house next door. She was very happy that morning. The world was so beautiful, the flowers were so perfect and so fragrant, and life seemed so full of sheer joy. So as she snipped the buds and blooms there was a song in her heart that echoed on her lips in trills and cadences that might have shamed the birds had they not been so engrossed in their own paeans. Presently when she had garnered a great sheaf of roses she tripped into the bungalow to arrange them in bowls and vases, and still she sang until Mammy Lu, pottering about her household tasks, caught the infection and began crooning an old negro melody.

"Yo' sho is happy dis mo'nin', Miss Barb'a," Mammy Lu called.

She chuckled as she spoke, for that expression had grown to be such a stock phrase—it seemed that she said it every day to her young mistress.

"I'm always happy, Mammy Lu—sometimes more so than at others, but never less."

That was Barbara's stock answer, one she had devised to puzzle and mystify the old negress.

"I don' know what dat means, chile"—Mammy Lu shook her head and smiled at the radiant girl pausing in the doorway—"but I know what dat tender, lil', laughin' song yo' singin' sounds lak. It sounds lak—it sounds lak—lak love!" Mammy Lu tottered forward and spoke that last word in a hushed whisper, then rocked and shook with a great gale of laughter, under cover of which Barbara escaped.

Out on the lawn, Barbara consulted her wrist watch, and, seeing that the hour was approaching 9, slipped thru the hedge and made her way toward the Randolph mansion. She knew that she would find the old Colonel in the library at that hour, and seeing him came first in her plans.

The library was an enormous room along the south side of the house—the side toward the Byrd place—and while the house had been built on sloping ground, so that a foundation of some six feet had been necessary on this side, the fact was partially hidden by huge hydrangea bushes planted thick against this wall. Their foliage reached almost to a level with the French windows, while another window opened on the wide veranda to which the lawn rose in an artificial bank.

Barbara's intention was to reach the porch and enter the library window, without the trouble of ringing the bell and being admitted thru the wide hall that ran thru the center of the house. As she scurried along under the library windows, however, with the idea of gaining the veranda her attention was arrested by the sound of a motor stopping on the drive, and she saw the sole occupant, a man, get out, ascend the steps and ring the bell. Perforce, she must wait until the man had finished his business with Colonel Randolph, so she retraced her steps, went around the house and aimlessly approached the garage, which was a modernization of the old spinning house of ante-bellum days.

James Morris, the chauffeur, in overalls and jumper, was hard at work on the big car, and did not realize that he was not alone until she hailed him merrily.

"Come out from under, Jimmy, and tell me what in the world has happened to the machine!"

Jim, a youth of twenty-one or two, crawled out and tried to brush himself off and appear at ease, but he was a begrimed, oil-smeared wretch, and his face was sullen. Things were manifestly wrong, for the car was mud-bespattered, a mud guard was twisted, and the windshield had been shattered. Barbara's face sobered as she comprehended.

"Jim, you've had the car out without permission—joy-riding again. Now you're in a nice mess!"

"That's right—kick a fellow when he's down! Honest, Miss Barbara, I didn't mean no harm, and it ain't as bad as it looks. I gran it in all right last night, and meant to take it downtown as soon as it was light this morning to get a new windshield—I could pay for it after a while—but now I can't start the darned thing! Something's wrong somewhere that I can't reach, and I've been at it for hours." After all he was only a boy, and a frightened one at that.

"Jimmy," Barbara counseled, "if you'll take my advice you'll go straight to Colonel Randolph and 'fess up."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! You see, I promised him——" He paused and picked up a segment of the heavy glass from the windshield and held it toward her. "See that"—Barbara took the piece of glass, handling it carefully to avoid soiling her fingers with the oily imprints his hands had left on it—"that came within an ace of killing me. When we smashed it whizzed right by my head and stuck an inch deep in the back of the rear seat. I wish now it had a' got me!"

"Don't be silly, Jim! Brace up and make a clean breast of it, and the Colonel will forgive you. I think there is some one with him now, and I'm going to see him, so you'll have time to clean the car up first, anyway."

Jim vouchsafed no reply, but returned glumly to his work. Barbara turned the piece of glass in her hand, inspecting it curiously, then dropped it on the grass by the garage door and slowly retraced her steps. As she rounded the house again, the visitor's car was going down the drive, and she saw that the coast was clear for her. She ran lightly up the lawn onto the veranda and paused in the library window. Colonel Randolph was seated at the huge old mahogany table that served him as a desk, counting, it seemed to her, heaps and heaps of bank notes, and so occupied that he did not hear her.

"Money or your life!" she called out, gayly, and pointed two dainty forefingers at him, with thumbs like cocked triggers.

"Spare me! Spare me!" he cried in mock terror, throwing up his hands.

"I'm a bold, bad brigand!" she hissed. "Keep them hands up or I'll blow yer to kingdom come!"

"Do with me as you will, but touch not me treasure!" he moaned. She tiptoed across to him in her best melodramatic style; then suddenly her tragic mien melted into laughter and she stooped and gave him a peck of a kiss. He sought to capture her, but she eluded his arms and hopped up on the corner of the table, facing him.

"Don't let me bother you," she said. "I love to see an old miser counting his money." And with that she gave a sweep of her hand that disarranged all the piles of bills, and grinned at him maliciously.

"You little 'imp!" Colonel Randolph leaned back in his chair and smiled up at her, fond affection beaming from his eyes. He was reveling in every detail of her fresh young beauty, and thinking of how many times she had perched there on that corner of the table since the days when she could barely toddle into the room and he had to lift her to her place and guard her lest she fall, and his eyes grew misty. She, in turn, as she studied the finely lined patrician face, his kindly eyes, with their bushy brows, and his crowning glory of soft, snow-white hair, was thinking that whenever she had wanted anything it seemed that always she had come to Nunkie Randy.

But she was thinking, too, that she did not know just how to broach the subject then uppermost in her mind, so she dissembled.

"Wherever did you get all the money, Nunkie?"

"A man just brought it to me," he replied. "I had a farm, and the man wanted it. I let him take it and use it, and he dug and delved into the land and unearthed much treasure, and of the treasure he brings me this, and now the farm is his, and I realize my folly, for had I dug and delved into the land I might have unearthed the treasure and it and the farm would both be mine. Heed the lesson——"

But she had not heard him, and the lesson was wasted. Restlessly her gaze flitted past him and caught the face of the big grandfather clock that stood against the wall behind him. This clock had regulated the time for generations of Randolphs and was noted for its accuracy. She dropped her eyes to the watch on her wrist and frowned.

"Nunkie, is that clock always right?"

"Babby," he reproached her, "why do you ask? You know the sun rises and sets by that clock—it hasn't lost or gained a minute in years."

"I couldn't live with anything so deadly accurate as that," she retorted. But she was setting her watch as she spoke, and in this operation she discovered a tiny scratch on her hand. "See what a bad, bad thorn did to me," she exclaimed, and then commanded: "Make it well!" With that she slipped from the table, touched the pink palm lightly to his lips, and then seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"Now!" he chuckled. "Now I'm about to lose something!"

"Why, what do you mean?" She was all innocence.

"Oh, Babby, Babby! Don't think you can fool me—I have known you these many, many years."

She colored and laughed. "I do want something," she admitted.

He beamed at her, and then all at once grew very serious. "I, too, want something," he said, and his voice was all tenderness and wistfulness. She waited, smiling. "I want The Oaks to have a mistress again after all these lonely years. I want"—— But his voice trailed off and was lost in the yearnings and visions that come to an old man whose heart aches for the fruits of youth and love and is hungry for the patter of little feet, the touch of tiny hands and the lilting music of childish voices.

Barbara blushed. "Is this a proposal?" she queried archly, to hide her confusion.

"Ah, Babby, it's just an old man speaking the hope that his boy——"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Wait—wait till I tell you what I want." She was at a loss how to proceed. Her eyes were not meeting his now, and she was fingering nervously a button on his coat. He saw her embarrassment and encouraged her.

"Go on, Babby," he said. "Out with it!"

"Well, I—I want to sell you a secret!" He threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"Don't laugh, please, I'm in earnest. I want some money—a lot of money—a thousand dollars, and I'll tell you something if you'll give it to me."

"A thousand dollars! Barbara! What in the world do you want it for?"

"I can't tell you that, but I'll tell you something else if you'll give it to me—please!"

He still thought she could not be in earnest, and sparred a little. "You're asking me to buy a pig in a poke," he protested. "Is that fair? You tell me first and let me judge if the secret is worth the price."

"Then you might decide it was not worth it, and you'd have my secret and I wouldn't have my thousand dollars. I've just got to have it, you know."

"Can't you trust me to play fair with you?"

She pondered that a moment. "Yes," she decided, "I know I can trust you." And without further bargaining she leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

In his astonishment Colonel Randolph leaped to his feet, upsetting the young lady who had been perched on the arm

THE TROOPERS OF THE CLOUD

Served with no snaffle or stirrup, bearing no saber or lance;
Led by no banner or bugle sounding retreat or advance;
Far from the thunder of hoofbeats, in the silence of sun-fretted plains,
Boldly they ride to the battle or buffet the mist and the rains.

Skirmishing high and lonely, swift to pursue and attack;
Sure setting out in the sunlight or groping their blind way back;
Lurking alert in the purple, lashing down thru the blue,
Stealing abroad in the grayness—swift to attack and pursue.

Stride for stride with the foeman, rib to rib with the gale,
Treading the earth mists under as the troop horse treads the vale;
Climbing the cloudy cliff paths where the waves of the blue begin;
Chasing the dawnlight outward, racing the darkness in.

Stooping to challenge the cannon, where only the bravest ride;
(Dead that swing in the saddles, and Honor that sits beside!)
Derelict steeds and drifting, stabbed by the steel and lame,
Flung to the earth and foundered, stripped and out of the game.

Wind of the North for rowell, wind of the West for whip;
Never a bird of the morning but these their steeds outstrip.
Jest for the plume of their helmet, Youth for the sword at their side;
Never a foe they meet with but their roving ranks outride.

—WILL H. OGILVIE.

of his chair. He gave the accident small heed, however.

"What, what! Barbara? Why, what do you mean?"

With that he gathered her into his arms and gave her a resounding kiss, and then held her off while he looked at her.

"Remember!" she admonished him. "It's a secret—not to be breathed. Give me the money—I'm in a hurry!"

"Well, I'll be blest!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he dazedly counted ten bills from the stack on the table into her outstretched hand. "Well, I'll be blest!"

She danced gayly away from him, and as she looked back from the window he had resumed his seat and folded his hands over the bank notes that still lay before him. His eyes had followed her, but he seemed to be delving far into the future, while the tenderest of smiles played about his mouth. She threw him a kiss, and again he ejaculated, "Well, I'll be blest!"

CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

AS BARBARA sped across the lawn and thru the hedge to her own home her feet were winged with elation. It was such a beautiful, beautiful world! And it was so wonderful to be young and happy, and to have everything one wanted, or to get so easily the things one wanted that one didn't have! So far everything had worked out as she had hoped, and she hadn't a doubt as to the final consummation of all her plans.

Premonitions? Not a breath or a shadow of a thought of one! No nature was ever more sensitive, more delicately attuned, than hers, and yet she caught never a flash of impending untoward events. Let those who will prate of premonition. Premonition is the gaunt and spectral hybrid born of fear and anticipation!

Barbara was singing again as she entered the house, and Mammy Lu, back in the kitchen, hearkened to her again, and smiled and shook her crinkly, woolly old head.

"Things is nigh to happenin' when they sings that-away!" she told herself.

The girl caroled her way thru the house, straightening a rug here, moving a chair there, picking up a magazine, a book, a newspaper—busying herself with the appearance of being busy, while her thoughts galloped apace. Next she must see Matt, and then—and then—— In the dining-room she bent over the table and buried her face in a bowl of red, red roses. Then at the open window she looked across at The Oaks and trilled the call Matt knew, but she realized it was early for him—he was such a lazybones. After that she went in to her piano.

And the touch of her fingers on the keys was ever a caress, and the melody evoked was ever the song of love. Who would seek to fathom a maiden's heart and mind at such a moment?

She was swinging in the hammock chair on the veranda when she saw Matt emerge from the front entrance of the house next door. He carried a suitcase, and ran directly and quickly across to her. Surprised, she rose to meet him, and saw that he was nervous and excited, as well as hurried.

"I'm off," he said, barely pausing at the steps. "I haven't even time to say good-by. I——"

"But, Matt!" she exclaimed.

"I'll explain everything later!"

"But, the money!" she insisted. "Did your uncle give you the money?"

"I—I got the money, all right," he said, ignoring her question. "Good-by, and tell Blair good-by for me!" And he ran down the walk.

Barbara's room was at the rear of their house and away from the Randolph place. She went up to it slowly, and threw herself on a couch, tears of disappointment in her eyes. What could have possessed Matt? How could he have left like that when only last night—— Well, life was queer, after all—things sometimes turned out so differently from what one expected. She had planned so well, too!

As she turned petulantly the crackle of the money she had thrust into her frock caught her ear, and she decided she had best return it to the Colonel at once, since now she would have no use for it. When she came downstairs, however, bent on getting the errand over with, Mammy Lu held her up.

"Honey," she coaxed, "come along an' make de oil dressin' fo' ole Mammy Lu, I don' lak to pesticate yo', but, honey, yo' knows I jes' caint do nuffin wid dat ole contraption."

Mammy Lu had a darky's aversion for new-fangled cooking devices, and had never mastered the mayonnaise beater, so Barbara followed to the kitchen, and went about the task.

It was a half hour or more after Matt had gone when she ran down the steps at the rear of the house and crossed thru the hedge. She noticed that Jimmy was still working desperately at the car, and wondered if he had "had it out" with the Colonel, while she proceeded on her way under the library windows and up on the veranda. She took the roll of greenbacks from her bosom, and, gayly fluttering the bills, stepped thru the window.

Colonel Randolph was not seated in the highbacked chair where she had so often seen him, and her words of greeting died on her lips. The sun was streaming thru the long windows, illuminating the solid old mahogany furniture, and the ticking of the clock was plainly audible. The room seemed just as it had been when Barbara was there earlier in the morning, but there was something in the very stillness that arrested her steps before she had fairly crossed the sill.

She glanced about uneasily, advanced a few steps, and stopped again. Then her eyes were caught by a foot just visible near the Colonel's chair. With a little cry, as she thought he had fainted or fallen, she ran across the room.

Back of the chair, between it and the clock, lay his crumpled form. He was breathing heavily and his head lay in a pool of blood.

Barbara stood petrified. She felt numb and dumb. A moment only it was, and then she screamed. Quickly they ran to her—old Mills, the gardener, Mary Morris, Jim, and a man or two from the golf links. They found her clutching a sheaf of bills to her breast with one hand, while the other pointed to the pitiful figure on the floor.

Catching a Sheaf of Bills to Her Breast With One Hand, With the Other She Pointed to the Pitiful Figure on the Floor.

CHAPTER V.

LOOKING THINGS OVER.

ONE of the men, John Ross, a friend of the Randolph boys, took it upon himself to telephone for the police, and to the Country Club for Blair, whom he had seen some time before near the end of the course. Dr. Watson, who had been playing with Ross, and who had followed him into the house at the alarm, knelt beside the figure on the floor.

"He is seriously hurt," said the doctor, as he straightened up. Then tender hands laid hold of the Colonel and bore him to his room.

Barbara had regained a semblance of composure when she found she was no longer alone, but she still stood, white-faced and tense, as one transfixed with horror. She heard herself speak, answering questions and making suggestions to Ross and Dr. Watson, but she was not conscious of what she said. Dimly she comprehended that Mary Morris was making a great deal of noise, wailing and sobbing, and that Mills, the old gardener, himself shiveling and moaning, was trying to quiet and comfort her. Jim, too, was soothing her and urging her to sit down.

Again and again Barbara's eyes came back to the horror there behind the table, where the Colonel had lain. It was not possible! Who would strike down the dear, defenseless old Colonel? Why, he hadn't an enemy in the world! What motive could any one—— Like a flash came the thought of the money the Colonel had had that morning, and then like a crash that brought the whole world tumbling about her followed the recollection of Matt and his manner and sudden leaving!

It seemed an age to the waiting group, but it was a short ten minutes when a policeman and a plain clothes man arrived at The Oaks on motorcycles. In fact, they arrived just as Blair Randolph ran across the roadway and were able to witness his behavior. He was white and excited, and as he hurried up the walk beside them he asked, "What have you come for? What is wrong? Were you sent for, too?"

"Why, there's been an attempted murder here!" answered the detective, and Blair gasped.

John Ross met them in the hall. "Blair an awful thing has happened to your uncle," he began, but Blair did not seem to heed him. He passed on with swift steps to the bedroom above and entered. Frere, the detective, took charge of affairs instantly, and gave Officer Strong a terse order.

"Get the chief out here right away!"

Blair Randolph's face blanched at the sight of the figure on the bed, but his first thought seemed to be of Barbara and he hurried from the room and back downstairs to the pathetic little girl who still stood by the Colonel's empty chair in the library.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "Why couldn't you have been spared this!"

Something of the tension she was under relaxed at the sound of his voice and she clung to him with a choking sob. "Blair! Blair!" she whispered.

Detective Frere had made a hurried examination of the Colonel's wound. Now after an examination of the library an exclamation escaped him, and he shot a swift glance about the room.

"The weapon?" he demanded. "What was he hit with?"

Apparently no one had thought of that and there was an exchange of startled looks and questions, while the officers conducted a bootless search of the room.

"I don't quite get it," Frere said, in a puzzled tone. He was speaking to Strong, rather than to the others who were mere spectators. "Whatever it was the instrument had a rounded, half-sharp, half-blunt edge. It might have been a very dull ax."

A shudder ran around the room at the suggestion that such a weapon could have been used in an effort to mete out death to the gentle, kindly old Colonel. Mary Morris shrieked, and there were gasps and excited whispers from the hall, which was rapidly filling with the curious-minded who gather so quickly at the scene of a crime. Frere looked up, saw this gathering and sprang to the doorway.

"Get out of here! Get out of the house! Here"—he spoke to Ross and Watson—"get these people out of the house, and keep 'em out. Strong, you help them. You haven't any business in here," he said again to the crowd, waving them back. "And that means you!" he exclaimed, clutching at a ragged urchin who had managed to wriggle past him.

He was the boy Blair had picked up to carry his golf bag the first time he had passed the caddy house that morning. Joe had caddied for Blair in season and out for three years and was passionately devoted to him. He appealed to Blair now with a beseeching look and a tense, "Mr. Blair!"

"That's all right. Let him stay—he's my boy." Blair spoke authoritatively, and Frere acquiesced, busying himself again with the search for the weapon. As he ransacked the room the detective bombarded old Mills, Mary Morris and Jim, her son, with a rapid fire of questions as to who had last seen Colonel Randolph, who had been in the library that morning, and a dozen other points, but he elicited little information. Obviously he did not know that it was Barbara who had discovered the crime, for he did not question her, and she volunteered no information.

Other officers arrived, but they were needed only to herd back the crowd that was rapidly augmenting and overrunning the grounds. The telephone rang almost incessantly. The news of the crime had spread like wildfire, friends of the Randolphs were calling, and the newspapers were clamoring for details. Officer Strong answered the phone, but his replies to excited queries were brief and terse, unenlightening save for the bare facts.

Then came the onslaught of reporters and photographers, a veritable army of them. Such was the social prominence of the family that the death of Colonel Matthew Randolph, of The Oaks, under any circumstances, would have been a big story for the press; his attempted murder, mysterious and inexplicable, was a tremendous sensation. The most conservative of journals turned yellow and shrieked for copy and pictures.

Attacking in mass formation the newspapermen almost took The Oaks by storm at their first assault. Indeed, half a score of them were inside the stately old mansion, and a battery of cameras was ready for action, before Blair Randolph and the officers fairly realized what had happened. They were demanding statements and interviews from every one even remotely connected with the affair, and pictures of everybody and everything, but Frere, at Blair's insistence, rallied his forces and beat them back. Blair viewed the invasion as an unwarranted intrusion, and he demanded that the house and grounds be cleared and kept clear of all outsiders. Frere complied readily enough, for he knew he had a mystery to solve, and he did not want to be hampered and harassed at every turn by reportorial activities.

Blair even refused the repeated demands that he, as a member of the Randolph family, make at least a brief statement to the press. He could see no occasion for it, he said. In the end, however, he compromised by commissioning

(Continued on Page 29.)

Not Until He Met the Girl He Loved on the Ship He Was

THE SOUL OF THE

By Byron

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KARL REINHART, the young lieutenant commander of the U-76, the most successful raider in the Imperial German Navy, walked impatiently up and down the retaining wall that warded off the restless waves of the Baltic. It might have been the thought that he soon must face the august man of iron that caused Reinhart to gaze with hopeless despair and desperation at the incoming waves, or it might have been the thoughts of other things; thoughts of America, and what he had sacrificed to serve his Emperor.

The crew of the U-76 waited not impatiently, as did their young commander. They were accustomed to obey orders, and their orders had been to await the coming of their Emperor, so without a murmur they stood "at ease," scarcely permitting their glance to follow their commander as he made the regulation paces for sixty fathoms up and down the retaining wall.

The fame of this little group of men; the quickness with which they surprised and sank the hated English merchant ships; their loyalty to the Fatherland and their intrepid commander, had reached the ears of Wilhelm, the All Highest, himself. Without giving any reason, he had ordered this fearless crew of the U-76 to report for review and inspection. It was not the habit of the Kaiser to review such small groups, and why his crew should be so signally honored was quite beyond the understanding of the young commander. It was true that his accomplishments had been echoed thruout the empire, and had elicited much vitriolic comment from the London papers, which had dubbed him "the heartless Hun." He did not mind this sobriquet. He had been taught, from early infancy, to hate the English. And he did hate them. Their ships were mere playthings in his hands. Nothing delighted him more than to see the waves close over them forever.

He thought of their recent achievement—but two short weeks before—the sinking of two of the enemy's most potent battle cruisers in one morning. This, he felt sure, would be noticed in the highest quarters. Perhaps, this was the thing that was bringing the Emperor to Werthaven. The thought brought a feeling of mingled joy and pride to his heart. To have the Emperor personally congratulate one on their ability was a thing to be wished for, but rarely received. Still, his spirits sank at the thought of meeting this man of blood and iron—the War Lord of Europe. What would the next mission be? He longed for anything that would take him back once more to the North Sea—there to strike terror to the unprotected merchant ships. The inactivity and calmness of the recent rest was not pleasant to him. Why was he being held at Werthaven?

For two mortal hours he had paced the retaining wall, revolving scheme after scheme in his mind. How to trap the English ships? These were the thoughts that were uppermost in his mind.

With them were mixed the thoughts of a girl, who, he had come to realize long before, was the fairest of any he had ever seen. American, she was—a student in Berlin—and thru her he had come to love the great republic across the water—because it was her country and, when they were married it was also to become his. He had been there, a visitor at her home when the great war broke out and he received orders to return home. She had begged him not to return to Germany, and at times he was tempted to refuse the call of the Emperor, but when news came that England had arrayed her forces against his native land, there was but one thought upon his mind—his hatred of England. Nothing could have prevented him from returning; he might be offered a chance to give the blow that he had cherished for a lifetime. So without hesitation he had returned to his native land.

His thoughts were broken into by the purring of the imperial limousine. Within a few brief moments the War Lord was seen approaching. With abrupt incisiveness Reinhart saluted. Even as he returned it the Emperor began walking back and forth reviewing the little group of faithful adherents, erect, rigid, eyes straight to the front.

Abruptly the Emperor began speaking. He addressed himself to Reinhart, but spoke so loudly all might hear:

"You have been chosen to perform a task that means life or death to the Fatherland. Upon your efforts rest the fate of our beloved country. I cannot explain the reason for giving to you the chance of making your names famous in German history. It is enough to know that you have been selected to perform the duties that must necessarily devolve upon some one; and having, with pleasure, reviewed the exploits of the U-76, it need be no surprise that to you will be intrusted the sacred task of bringing to our glorious country victory or defeat.

"As a body of men aside of your fellows—a body of men who, more than once, have willingly offered yourselves and all that you hold valuable for your Emperor's and your country's honor and safety, you are justly entitled to this distinction—the honor of placing yourselves at your Emperor's disposal—to sacrifice all, even your lives, that the Fatherland may live. You will not fail."

Turning to the crew, he added: "Remember that the success of this mission means success to the German cause. What more can I say to such faithful followers? Further instructions must come from your commander. I look to him; Germany looks to him—he must look to you."

With this he placed two large envelopes in the hands of Reinhart, and, as the latter saluted stiffly, returned to the waiting limousine and departed.

With a few sharp commands, Reinhart ordered his crew to their respective places. Within a few minutes the submarine glided from her mooring, and without leaving a trace on the smooth surface of the water, made her way towards her destination—the North Sea.

After they had gotten under way, the commander proceeded to break the seals on the large envelopes given to him by the Emperor and inspect their contents. Owing to the low voltage, the lights scarcely gave sufficient light to read the closely written documents; but, adjusting the low stool upon which he sat, he took the first one and read:

It has come to the attention of the Admiralty that the Prince Edward will leave Dover the twenty-fifth. On this vessel will be the English commission, whose destination is Petrograd. There they will go into conference with the Russian leaders and attempt to bring about a more mutual understanding as to further actions that will be taken for the successful termination of the war in favor of the Allied Powers. If this commission is permitted to reach Petrograd in safety, the further existence of the Fatherland will be in great peril; therefore, to you have been intrusted the important task of seeing that the Prince Edward is not allowed to reach her destination. You are to intercept her in the English Channel.

Our agents have further informed us that certain important papers are on board, in the hands of Lord Warren, the chairman of the commission. You are to get these papers before sinking the ship. How you can best accomplish this purpose will be left entirely to your discretion. But keep your final instructions in mind—sink without a trace.

You will deliver the papers to me in person, so that I may place them in the hands of the Emperor, according to instructions received from him. ADMIRAL VON TULKNE.

Reinhart drew himself erect intuitively. So this was the explanation of the visit of the Emperor—the visit that meant much to him; much to his crew; that recognition of their superior ability; that they were trusted by the Emperor and by Germany. He smiled—a smile of satisfaction and confidence. He was determined; he would see that the wishes of the Emperor and Von Tulkne were carried out. There would be no trace; he had been careful to leave none before, nor would any be left this time. This was his long-sought opportunity to humble England.

His heart beats quickened as he drew the second letter to him. He steadied his hand; this was from the Emperor himself. He read:

To every true German there is but one thought—that is the thought of the preservation of his native land at all costs. Those were my thoughts when I sent mighty Zeppelins to frighten and confuse London; those were my thoughts when I sent the innumerable submarines into the trackless paths of the sea to strike at the heart of English commerce; these are my thoughts today, as I send you on a mission, the accomplishment of which, means the life of Germany will be prolonged. To be numbered among those that are willing to sacrifice all for the Fatherland is an honor that I cannot bestow; it is an honor that you alone can merit, remembering that whatever the outcome may be your Emperor will not be unmindful of your efforts nor the efforts of your valiant crew.

With two sharp rings of the gong, Reinhart called Waltreim, his sub-lieutenant, that he might acquaint him with the object of the journey. Waltreim read the letters without a quiver. They were nothing more or less than he had expected. He had made trips to the North Sea before under sealed orders, but not to destroy an English commission bound for the Russian capital. This was quite a new experience to him and his spirits rose to the occasion.

"We seem to have unlimited authority to justify the accomplishment of our purpose," he said.

"Yes," Reinhart answered. "Evidently this case is important or His Majesty would not have honored us with a personal visit."

"We must not fail this time, Commander, for this is the one great chance to gain additional recognition. The Admiral intimated the other day that you were in line for appointment as division commander."

"Well, perhaps, it is true. I do deserve something. Two years on this craft under any other circumstances might have grown monotonous, but I can't say that it has been so bad as one might think."

Turning to the Gun Crew, He Ordered a Shot Across the Bows of the Fleeing Vessel.

"How could it be? I tell you those submarine chasers are becoming more numerous every day. Some of these days we are liable to strike at the wrong time, but I hear the Admiralty will build even larger submarines. I don't suppose the chasers will be anything for them to handle."

"Don't let the chasers worry you, Waltreim. Some day you will have the pleasure of using your own head to outwit the devils; when you get to be commander. I presume you will succeed me as commander of the 76 if I am promoted."

"I ought to make an efficient one, at least, for I have had the best of leadership, and I had rather serve on the U-76 than any craft of the Imperial navy."

"So had I," Reinhart answered. "Somehow I like the 76 and don't know whether I would give her up even to be a division commander, but the Admiral's orders are law; his hobby is seeing that all of them are obeyed to the minutest details. If he wants me to give up the 76 and take charge of a division, as much as I would hate to give her up I would have to submit."

Waltreim left to give the routine orders for the day, and Reinhart brought out his chart, pursuant to planning the attack on the Prince Edward.

The rest of the day and the succeeding night were occupied in their ordinary one hundred and fifty mile journey westward, thru the Kiel Canal.

Next morning found them well into

Ordered to Destroy Did He Discover That He Had a Soul

U-BOAT COMMANDER

Sellers

the North Sea, where they rolled among the waves and took the regulation observations. Reinhart or Waltreim stayed at the periscope almost constantly as they made the fifteen mile circle at the rate of seven knots an hour. Like an eagle waiting for its prey, they made the circle with unerring precision and scanned the horizon for the appearance of the Prince Edward.

* * * * * * *

The morning sun was shining brightly. Waltzing with pulsing throbs, the Prince Edward lay in the harbor at Dover. The English-American commission to Russia had just arrived. The captain gave the orders and she glided out into the shining water of the North Sea.

"Out there the dreadful submarines are, aren't they, dad?" asked Louise Wentworth of James Wentworth, a member of the American commission.

"Yes, dearie. Out there are the venomous vultures of the sea. We have nothing to fear, however, as we are convoyed by some of the fastest British cruisers."

"Oh, I am not afraid. You know I promised that I would not be frightened if you would let me come over with you; and besides," she continued, "you know Karl is on the North Sea somewhere and he would not let them get me."

"I hope he is commander of one of the cruisers or battleships and not one of those detestable and despicable submarines. I could never consent to take him into my family if I thought he had ever been connected with any such underhand warfare."

"He is an officer of the Germany navy. Hasn't one got the right to enter the service of their country in time of war?" she asked.

"Certainly. It would be dishonest and cowardly to disregard a sacred promise; still, I wouldn't like to feel as if I were fighting all humanity."

"It's the war-lords," she replied. "They are fighting humanity. The individuals are not. They certainly must have heart enough to dare disobey them, if to carry out their orders meant the sacrifice of helpless beings. I believe Karl would, don't you?"

"Don't be so sure about that. Remember the Lusitania and the Sussex; there is a sample of your kind-hearted commanders. Don't you think Karl would have done the same thing?"

"He might have to the English ships, but not to the American or French ships. I have often wondered why he hated England so much."

"Perhaps, the poor boy was not to blame; that this hate had been instilled into his mind thru past generations, and is not his own prejudiced ideas."

"I know he is not to blame," she replied simply, watching the waves as they burst and lost their force against the side of the ship. "Time will tell," she said, more to herself than to any one else, "time will tell."

* * * * * * *

Excitement held the little crew of the U-76 in its grasp. Orders were sharp, terse, and short. Every man was on the alert. The motors hummed incessantly as they made the regulation circle, with only the periscope showing above the water.

Waltreim was at the eye-piece of the periscope and had discovered two steam trawlers laboriously trudging along. But he skilfully avoided them, as easy as it would have been to have sent the waves rolling over them forever. The prime object of this voyage was the sinking of the Prince Edward, and the U-boat ignored the trawlers temerariously crossing its path. Like a speck, the trawlers finally disappeared in the distance and once again there was nothing to be seen but the waves of the North Sea.

Like a caged lion, Reinhart marched up and down the narrow passage, inspecting the craft here and there, giving a sharp order to first one, then the other of the crew. His men understood these impatient moods and silently obeyed the slightest order, altho realizing, sometimes, that its execution was of no practical consequence. But they enjoyed the distinction of serving under one of the most capable and fearless commanders of the navy. They were satisfied with this superiority and knew that within the bosom of this man of iron beat a heart of gold, for he would have willingly sacrificed his life that one of his crew might be saved. They knew it; that was the potent influence that had caused commander and crew to act and think in unison in the face of great danger. Each knew and trusted the other. Each had in mind the accomplishment of the same object—to conquer the enemies of Germany—by any method, and at any cost.

After an hour another speck appeared to the westward, and as it grew larger Waltreim gave a short, excited laugh and called to the commander. Reinhart eagerly adjusted the periscope and looked. He felt sure that the vessel approaching was the Prince Edward; but where were the convoying cruisers, for apparently the steamer was alone?

"Get up some speed and signal them to stop," he ordered. "We must not let them give us the slip. Get busy there."

With a few decisive commands from the sub-lieutenant, the submarine arose to the surface of the sea, her superstructure appearing above the surface of the water like a huge whale floundering about.

Like a flash Waltreim went up thru the manhole to the slippery and treacherous deck above and gave a signal for the steamer to stop. Either she did not notice it or she meant to get away, for she immediately changed her course—began to zigzag with full steam ahead.

"They are going the other way," Waltreim bellowed. "They see the signals, but they are not coming to a halt."

"We will stop them," Reinhart replied. Turning to the gun crew, he ordered a shot across the bows of the fleeing vessel. "Put it in front—in front," he yelled.

The shell, with unerring aim, crossed the bow of the Prince Edward, narrowly missing the ship.

Captain James of the Prince Edward searched the sea for the appearance of the cruisers, but they had vanished. The wireless sputtered, but no answer came. Slowly the big steamer came to a halt. The submarine came closer. Reinhart, by this time, was on top, signaling that he wanted an interview with the captain.

Captain James, knowing that the U-boat would not hesitate to send a torpedo into his ship if he did not submit, gave orders to permit the commander to come aboard.

Reinhart, accompanied by Waltreim, stepped into the ship's boat and was quickly transferred to the deck of the steamer. Reinhart and the British captain saluted formally, and the German spoke: "Captain, I am sorry to trouble you, but I am here to get the little black bag containing some papers that are wanted by my government."

Captain James started. He knew that the German spy system was the greatest in the world, but to have this submarine commander calmly ask for papers that he, himself, did not know were on his ship, was, indeed, startling.

"I am sure I do not comprehend your meaning. I was not aware that any such papers were on my ship, sir."

"Lord Warren could, perhaps, tell you something of them. I would ask you to summons him on deck."

How the intrepid commander knew Lord Warren was on board was another thing that the captain did not understand.

"But, no doubt, Lord Warren would refuse to give them up, if he has any such papers in his possession."

"I don't think he will. Call him; I can make him understand very quickly what I want."

Lord Warren was sent for and he appeared—angry at first, but he quickly calmed down when he learned the true situation.

"Suppose I refuse?" he questioned.

"I have but one other choice; that is to sink the ship. There is no alternative; I must have the papers. It would be well not to argue that point; I have my orders."

"And if I deliver them to you—shall we be permitted to proceed without further interference?" he asked. Reinhart promptly lied.

"As far as I am concerned—yes, but I cannot promise for all the commanders; they operate under separate instructions."

Lord Warren thought quickly. He saw no other alternative but to submit. He did not want to imperil the lives of the other members of the commission, so he added—"I will bring them—wait here."

"Very well," Reinhart said, "only be careful and not make a mistake. It will be too late to be sorry if I find they are not the original papers."

Quite unexpectedly there was a flutter and Louise Wentworth appeared.

Ordinarily, the appearance of a mere girl would not have unbalanced the commander to such an extent, but Reinhart started perceptibly, so surprised was he at the sudden appearance of one who had, for the last few days, been very much upon his mind. The recognition was mutual.

For a few seconds they looked into each other's eyes without a word—the girl eager, questioningly; the man, calmly and defiant.

"You!" she cried, at last. "You here! Why, I don't understand."

"I am here to obey the orders of my government. A German naval officer knows no other law."

Her eyes left his and wandered over the surface of the sea. She saw the submarine, like a silent sentinel, waiting for the word to deal the death blow.

"And you," she continued, "are the commander of that? Karl, how could you? Do you call that human—the taking of helpless lives?"

"Everything is fair when my country's existence is at stake. It seems I have given up all my ideals and conceptions of honor and honesty since I have returned. It is true that I have given up most everything but the love that I have come to realize means more to me than even my country's existence," he whispered, leaning closer that she might be the only one that would hear the words.

"You call this being worthy of a woman's love? What a foolish idea of love! Do you expect a woman to keep on loving a man who makes war on women and children?"

"I make war only against England," he answered proudly. Can't you see that by this method I have the opportunity of striking England?"

"To strike England is to strike America, for my country has declared war against Germany."

Reinhart was startled. He had heard nothing of the declaration of war.

"America! Do you mean that America has declared war against Germany? Then I am fighting your country," he muttered, incoherently—"fighting your country—and you?"

"Yes," she answered, "you are fighting my country and me; but why are you here?"

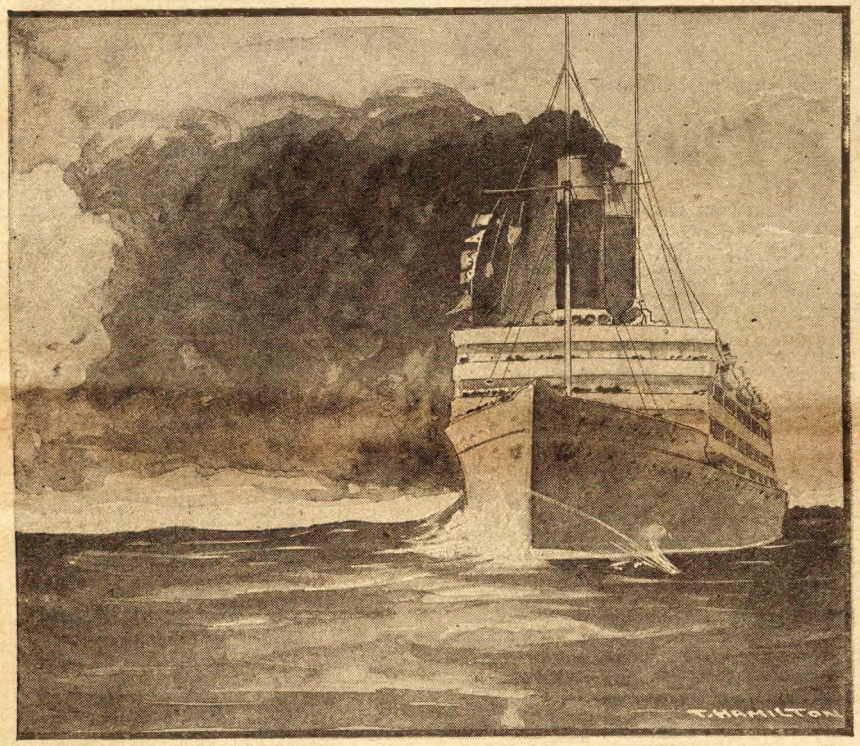
"Only to obtain some valuable papers. After I get them I will go." He meant it this time. In the instant that he had seen her he knew he never could give the order that would sink the Prince Edward.

"Going back there," she pointed to the sea, "to make war on some helpless neutral merchant ship?" her voice was accusing.

"Going back to serve my country. I know you can't understand my position now, but some day—some day, you will."

"I'm afraid I never will. There's too much that needs explaining. I don't think I could ever forgive you if I thought—thought you had ever torpedoed a passenger ship." The words came slowly, painfully.

"I have not! It's only the English commerce that I seek to destroy. We



The Shell, With Unerring Aim, Crossed the Bow of the Prince Edward, Narrowly Missing the Ship.

must starve England if my country is to live."

Lord Warren appeared with the papers. Without a word he placed the bag in the hands of Reinhart, apparently resigned to the inevitable result of the situation.

Reinhart turned to Louise. "Will you give me a chance to explain some day—after the war?"

"Yes," she faltered. "I will believe in you even if the world turns against you. Come to me after the war and perhaps I'll forgive."

"Good-by," he said, as he turned to go, "who knows when that time will ever come; but until that time—the time when you must know all and judge for yourself—good-by."

"Good-by, Karl. There must be some dreadful mistake somewhere, but I have faith in you and believe all will be well I hope so—I will pray that it may be well."

She did not wait, but went at once to her cabin; there over and over again she asked herself the question—had she faith? Could this man of unrelenting spirit be the same one who had left America only three short years ago? Could this be the one to whom she had unhesitatingly given her heart and love?

The days of long ago—how happy they had been—without a thought of the sorrow war could bring. What had war brought to her—to them? The destroyer of the golden dream of the happy future they had planned to spend together—as one—following the divine dictates of love—a love so steadfast and true that war, with all its horror, could not destroy this greater creation—love. It would remain triumphant after war had claimed its terrible toll of life; triumphant, to spread a ray of light over a shadowed generation. Yes, Karl loved her, she felt sure, and that love would prove stronger than the evil influence instilled into his heart by the gods of war. He would return to her some day, the better for the conflict; return to say that at last love had proven the mightiest power, and that he had surrendered to his dauntless foe.

Reinhart sat at the little desk in the submarine, his head bowed. The unexpected meeting with Louise Wentworth had left him speechless and dazed. He was playing with this great love to serve his Emperor—to serve his country—to serve his hereditary hatred of England. Never had the thought entered so overwhelmingly in his mind before. He had been too busy running the blockade; too busy sinking England's merchant ships, to give a thought of America and America's offering. Now, the light had dawned. He realized that this love was the greater power; greater than the potent influence of the gods of war; greater than his inherent love for his native land; greater than his hatred of England. But had the realization come too late? These were the thoughts that made him forget, for the time being, that he was commander, and that his men were waiting for orders from him as to their next move.

Waltreim had been busy with the torpedoes.

"We are ready for orders to fire," he said.

"To fire?" Reinhart repeated the words blankly.

"To sink the Prince Edward. Our orders were to sink the ship after we had secured the papers, you know."

"Sink that boat! If you fire that tube I will murder you!" Reinhart thundered. "We are not going to sink that boat!"

"Very well, sir! You know the Admiral's orders!"

"Yes, I know the Admiral's orders!"

"Then it is not for me to question why they were not obeyed; you are in command."

"Let the Admiral go to the devil! My orders are to get to Wertheven as quick as possible. Get everything to moving. I will explain this to the Admiral."

"All right, sir," Waltreim replied, moving toward the engine-room.

Reinhart paced the narrow, confined passage. The lights were dim; the air was stifling. The past few hours seemed to him like a dream. He knew that he had deliberately let the Prince Edward escape, fully realizing what such leniency might mean to him. What would the Admiral say when he should be informed that he had given orders not to sink the Prince Edward?

It was too late to repent now. Anyway, he felt some satisfaction in the thought that Louise had promised to give him a chance to explain after the war. And he would; she would forgive and their meeting on the North Sea would only be a connecting link in that great chain of destiny and life. He threw himself on the little cot that was half hidden in the maze of intricate machinery and slept; how long, he did not know, but they had passed thru the Kiel Canal and were nearing Werthaven when he awoke.

He proceeded at once to the Admiral's quarters with the papers. The Admiral greeted him effusively. "Ach, commander. I see you have the papers; Herr Reinhart never fails."

"I have the papers," Reinhart answered evasively, placing the bag on Von Tulkne's desk.

"And the ship, Commander. It is useless to ask if the Prince Edward still glides over the tranquil water? Ach! Such luck! The Emperor shall receive the news at once—the iron cross, Commander—it will be yours."

Reinhart scarcely heard. He knew it would not be long before the Kaiser's spies in Petrograd would report the safe arrival of the Prince Edward. What excuse could he make then? He dared not think of that time; he only looked at the Admiral and nodded.

"The U-76 never fails, Admiral. She is ever on the alert to strike a blow for the Fatherland."

"Such a blow! Such a blow! The commission at the bottom of the sea. Won't England stagger now? Even the Zeppelins were nothing compared to this blow. Such a commander; never a word of praise for himself—not a word for his crew. But the Emperor shall know—Germany shall know!"

"What has been done for the Fatherland has been done willingly—yes, joyfully."

Second Installment of a Stirring Serial

Into the Primitive

By Robert Ames Bennet

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CHAPTER V.

THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN.

AFTERNOON was far advanced, and Winthrope was beginning to feel anxious, when at last Blake pushed out from among the close thickets. As he approached, he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrope; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."

Blake showed that he was flattered.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's biamed unhandy. Just the same, I guess we'll be ready for callers tonight."

"How's that?"

"Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."

"Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.

"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrope. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."

As Winthrope caught up a nut, the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her daintily preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her draggled, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him, so far as an attempt at formal politeness, when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sundown; so, if you please, if you're quite ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?"

"Not so very. But we've got to chase thru the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"

"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrope's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze thru with him, tho."

"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrope.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club, he stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. As he rose with his burden, Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dews here are like those in Central America, they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrope and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which they could see beneath the mangroves, in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrope, and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on, unless you want to come out on the other side in full evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking; but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path thru the thicket?" inquired Winthrope.

"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own lines. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrope took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree, and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrope drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The creature was vermin, Blake's eyes deeped, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrope, please! It scratches my neck."

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go thru here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief, before he began to force a way thru the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. The he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside, the thorns pierced her delicate skin, until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, tho his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, twenty feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us, here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root, and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's most gone, and the twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath, and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again, it was looped around and fastened in a bowline knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard, and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a fifty-foot prospect hole—big fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over a hundred and twenty."

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop, he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Tho frightened by the novel manner of ascent, the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he lift her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard, if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above, and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and, grasping the taut creeper with one hand, reached down with the other, to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs, we'll soon hoist his lordship."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon, it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch, and Winthrope already was slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off, and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down, a black shadow swept over the jungle.

"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake. "Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrope.

Blake drew in a full breath, and began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed thirty or forty pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop, he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper, and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that!"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess—not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight already was fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest, they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle wakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving thru the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrope, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snorting of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair

You Can Go On After Reading This

A CYCLONE and a shipwreck off the Mozambique coast of Africa throw two men and one woman on their own resources. Winthrope, an American, is in a state of intoxication when the waves toss him onto the barren shore. His companions, one an Englishman of supposedly high rank, the other, a wealthy American girl, despise him while they recognize that they are utterly dependent on him to continue living. For this reason they obey his commands, and set out to follow him inland to seek shelter for the night.

The above will enable you to go on with this story, begun in No. 22, the Ledger, June 1. Back copies containing earlier chapters can be obtained thru this office or from our agents and newsdealers.

In the Center of the Bar, Where the Water Was a Trifle Over Knee Deep, Some Large Creature Came Darting Downstream.

At Miss Leslie's Scream Blake Whirled About and Jabbed With His Club at the Supposed Alligator. "Sawfish," He Said.

bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping upon them in the darkness from the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches.

The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past thru the air within a yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream, and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrope, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh.

"It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed, and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mudflats. Arranging the reeds as best they could, they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie, and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was most likely to attack.

Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Tho Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrope moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow.

At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrope's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

As Blake had asserted, the mosquitoes had either been blown away by the cyclone, or did not fly to such a height. None came to trouble the exhausted sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.
MAN AND GENTLEMAN.

NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that's killed something down below us."

All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soon be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here!" muttered Blake—"fever-fog!"

"Beastly shame!" echoed Winthorpe. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before, Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts."

"If it wasn't for that fog, I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise!"

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrope.

"Huh? Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad!" protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but cocoanut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrope. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points! Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practice."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike Peak or bust, for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints were after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrope, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble——"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, tho."

"But if you remember how it is done, we have at least some chance——"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They've all left," said Winthrope, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club, and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened, he twisted the upper part around his leg, and was about to slide to the ground, when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned, and turned to Winthrope.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrope wriggled his foot about, and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered. "There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; tho it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast, and find a way to get over the river."

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrope, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About three hundred yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, tho, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrope twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened, he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrope.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled on it in a tuft of grass, and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity, there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Je-rusalem!" observed Blake; "this old boar must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out his tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points——"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them, and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrope, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken path thru the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrope and Miss Leslie came thru with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrope to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocoanut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over his head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrope could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrope?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocoanuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keeness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that, if in the meantime they had not eaten themselves, they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrope.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when, fully satisfied, he helped himself up with his club, he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river; and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder, he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed.

"If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrope turned abruptly to the cocoanuts.

CHAPTER VII.
AROUND THE HEADLAND.

IT WAS mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached, the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrope.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats, and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrope.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me, if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go thru mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke,

and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrope, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help, he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar, or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrope's knowledge, had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble outsuck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water, and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy!—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago, and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrope. "Step behind me, and gather up your skirts It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied.

"Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not a hundred yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface, and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrope. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar, without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south side of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left, and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrope instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—yes, you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrope a crutch——"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade thru the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall, here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocoanuts, flung the other up the beach, and stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocoanuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run two hundred paces, they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that in a moment had thickest garment and drenched them to the skin within the first half minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk, and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rainstorm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them, thirty or forty feet high. Blake deposited Winthrope upon a wet ledge, and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his angle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough, without having to nurse you thru malarial fever. Don't forget the cocoanuts, and if I don't show up by noon, save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrope and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away thru the rain, without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water ten or fifteen feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of bowlders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone, he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that the channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another hundred paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it, and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over, and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting thru the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the Northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away, with a growl. "More of those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seafowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to, if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse, and backed off along the beach, to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seafowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooden cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring. Limestone water as that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession, one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rainwater and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved, they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down, he squatted on his heels, and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun, he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer, and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE CLUB AGE.

IT WAS past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up, and peered around thru the half-leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seafowl.

In marked contrast to this scene, the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season. Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her Ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He put on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed at this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fancy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Winthrope stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes?"

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You—you bounder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency——"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-ro-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent toward Winthrope with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrope's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You d—d hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther, and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat, me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get thru this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—President, Congress, and Supreme Court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts, your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd, and runs things to suit themselves. But here we've sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age, and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength——"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the cocoanuts?"

Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat, you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrope hurried away, clinching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the cocoanuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat, and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for halt a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in each look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat over-assiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?"

exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should we climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with sea birds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones——"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was matted with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and overshadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope; "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These ain't sheep tracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our poultry yard."

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him, and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the over-arching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, tho—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glances filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees—into the open!" he explained in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.

Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand, and broke into a run. In their terror, they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of a hundred yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprints," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrope.

"Not so large—'bout the size of a puma's. Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The sneaking tomcat! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place, and pick up sticks on the way."

Tho there was shade under the cliff within some six hundred feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the dryest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole, and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough, or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking, all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very

He Reached Down to Swing the Girl Up Beside Him.

tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quilimane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hens' teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand."

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's—it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter you've got brains somewhere down under the boarding school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the Stone Age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrope should immediately arm yourselves."

"How? But we'll leave that till later. What else?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and——"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanuts——"

"Don't give it up! Keep your thinker going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head——"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—er—they called me Win at Harrow."

"Lord James!—your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of toploftv. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know!"

"No; I don't know, you know—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. We should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade acro—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a pot of cold cream!"

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward face of the cliff?" asked Winthrope. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; so we'll chance it for tonight. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of cocoanuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, today, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts haven't been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for tonight; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket! You've got a good headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late to start now. But first thing tomorrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fishline out of cocoanut fiber. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hairpins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near——"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your [illegible]"

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"Um-m—stocking torn; but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Pat—er—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle——"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrope must go with us!"

"Afraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her; yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. Then when she met his stare with a condescending smile, he flushed [illegible]

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

Lucky, indeed, is the man who knows woodcraft. Our trio is face to face with a great problem. In the next installment they make a lucky discovery.

Obeying Orders.

IN THE piping days of peace a doctor, walking out one day with an Irishman, who boasted he was a stanch teetotaler, resolved to put him to the test.

Passing a hotel, he asked him in, and ordered two glasses of whisky. After they had "shifted" these, and two or three more at the doctor's expense, his friend began to get a wee bit fogged.

The doctor, then—feeling he had him—bluntly asked:

"How does this square with your teetotal pretensions?"

"Och!" quoth Murphy, with a quiet smile, "tho I'm a stanch teetotaler, I'd be a fule to refuse what the doctor orders!"

Fell on Her Nose.

MR. CABOODLE was always exceedingly courteous to the fair sex. One day when he was airing his views on politeness he remarked that he had never seen an ugly woman.

A lady standing near, who happened to have a flat nose, overheard him, and, confronting him, said:

"Sir, look at me, and confess that I

"Madam," replied Caboodle, "like the rest of your sex, you are an angel fallen from the skies, but it was not your fault that you happened to alight on your nose."

Paid His Own Fare.

MR. J. D. ROCKEFELLER was one day talking to a number of rich men who had made their pile in New York, none of whom had been born in America.

"When you come to think of it," he said, rather irritably, "you are only intruders. You are apt to forget what you owe us natives when we open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irish member of the party, "but here's one thing you forget. I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

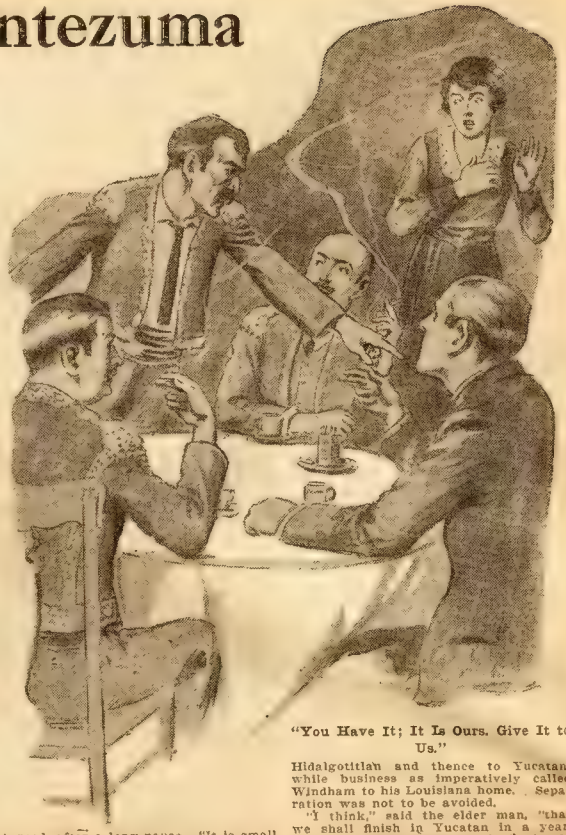
The Blood of Montezuma

By Victor Ardmore

Events Leading to Present Situation.

SEAVER WINDHAM, wealthy young American, always in search of adventure, is mistaken for a friend named Lopez by a dying Mexican, and, after receiving secret instructions, hurries off to the Aztec brotherhood guarding the treasures of Montezuma, and successfully passes himself as Corter, the man he found dying. In a mountain vault, known only to the chosen few, he views the Blood of Montezuma, a wonderful sacred jewel. For an unaccountable reason he is attacked on leaving the vault and leaves his attacker for dead. On arriving home, he finds to his dismay that the sacred jewel is in his possession. Windham wishes to return the sacred jewel to the Aztec brotherhood, but fear their wrath. He then determines to tell his friend, Captain Argyle about his experience. In the meanwhile, Windham discovers that the jewel has been either lost or stolen. He is glad to be rid of it, but a mysterious man entering his rooms at night convinces him that the Aztecs are on his trail. Windham and his servant leave secretly for Vera Cruz where Windham meets Captain Argyle. He has finished telling his friend of his experience when his Arab servant comes to warn him that he is being followed. When the servant sees Captain Argyle he stumbles backward in surprise and falls under the wheels of a passing carriage.

This gripping tale of Mexican intrigue and mystery began in No. 21, the Ledger, May 25. Back numbers of the Ledger may be obtained from our agents, newsdealers or from the office of publication.



"You Have It; It Is Ours. Give It to Us."

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CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF RADD BODIL.

WINDHAM sprang to his aid, and others gave a hand. Radd Bodil was brought to the sidewalk, but he lay a crushed and broken figure. Gravity was in all faces, but it was Argyle who put the prevailing thought into words.

"He is dying!" said the explorer gently.

Radd Bodil did not seem to hear, nor was there any longer fear in his face, but he looked at Windham and tried to speak. Twice the effort was vain, and then he found words.

"Effendi, you have it! The red gem. You have it. Look——"

He stopped, a red stream welled from his mouth, he struggled and presently lay still. Life had gone.

Windham, remembering only past loyal service and filled with profound regret, ordered that a vehicle should be brought and the body conveyed to his own hotel. Half an hour later Radd Bodil lay on the bed he had expected to sleep in that night, but the sleep was to be deeper than expected.

"I can't understand," said Windham, as he and Argyle stood over the still figure, "how he ever made that misstep."

There was no reply, and the speaker turned to his friend. Argyle was looking fixedly at the white face. Something stirred the younger man's ideas and he spoke again.

"You don't mean ——"

The explorer reluctantly filled the pause that was plainly a request for an explanation.

"This man served you well," he said quietly. "Let us credit him with that. Yet, do you remember how he recoiled after he looked at me, and that the recoil sent him to his death?"

"Do you mean——"

"That, at first sight, I recognized Radd Bodil and he recognized me. The shock was too much for his nerves. Forgetting where he was, he stepped back and—you know."

"Where did you see him? Tell me all, captain."

"In India, three years ago. You know the country by reputation. It has been improved by the wise government of its white rulers, but it is still India in spots. It has been the land of the creatures called Thugs, the stranglers who have their art down to the artistic point, and not all the villains of that cult is stamped out. I had proof of that fact three years ago. Briefly, I was stopping with an English officer of high rank when three stranglers attempted to do their murderous work in his family for revenge, a comrade of theirs having been executed for murder.

"I helped to overcome the three when they were detected, I saw them and talked with them, I was a witness at their trial. Against two of the trio former murders were proved and they were finally hanged. The third man, altho the one who tried to use the fatal cord on my friend's daughter, was an elusive problem. We learned little of him, and while he was awaiting trial with his fellows he escaped.

"From that day to this I have never seen the man who was taken with the deadly cord in his hands—until today. He then called himself Dulloo Jang. Now, he lies here."

Windham had listened with conflicting emotions.

Knowing you, Argyle, I need not ask if you are sure."

"Heaven forbid that I should slander the dead, even thru ignorance. Yes, I am sure."

"And to think that he served me so well!"

"Windham, the man had great gifts. As a prisoner in India he was plausible, seemingly frank and honest, and a miracle of knowledge. It was that which led me to talk with him often and long. He had been in many lands and his powers of observation were wonderful. Hours at a time I sat and talked with him of Arabia, China, Egypt—yes, of almost the whole world. And few men could carry so agreeable a countenance."

"Enough!" said Windham gravely. "I am convinced. I remember now that when, a few days ago, I told Radd Bodil that we would soon make a tour of the other hemisphere that would take in India, he seemed to be a trifle disturbed, but, beyond remarking that India was a land of pigs, he did not object."

"It is safe to say, such was his indomitable courage, that he would have followed you there in spite of his reputation, taking the risks of detection."

The talk had been very grave, but Argyle suddenly wheeled upon his friend with a total change of manner.

"Do you remember your servant's last words before he died?" the explorer demanded.

"Why, yes."

"He asserted that you had the Blood of Montezuma."

"Yes, but it was the delirium of a dying man."

"Wrong!" Argyle declared. "Radd Bodil was as clear minded as you or I, and—recall what he said. 'You have it.' That was his statement, and if death had spared him five seconds longer he would have told you just where it was."

"But I have n't it!" Windham vigorously exclaimed. "I've looked my belongings all over, and even a pinhead would have been developed by the strict search I made."

"I want to make a trial, myself, and both of your effects and his."

"Go ahead! I am more than willing, if we can find that accursed diamond it will give me unalloyed delight. But how shall I return it to the Twelve Brethren?"

"Radd Bodil primarily met his death to tell you the so-called hawk-faced man was dogging you at that moment. Depend upon it, he can be found when wanted. First, the diamond—if diamond it is, which I rather doubt. To the search!"

It was made. Every article that was possessed by either Windham or his late servant was examined with the utmost care, and Argyle was hard to satisfy, but even his persistence brought no results. The red-hued stone was not found, and finally the explorer stopped work.

"You have horses?" he asked.

"Yes, two. One is a worthless, vicious brute and I shall sell him, but my own saddle horse has carried me so faithfully that I shall take him with me to Louisiana and give him a life of ease."

"Do you value the saddles?"

"No. I shall sell or give them away."

"You can do better. Have them brought here and we will cut them into pieces. A saddle is a great place to secrete things. I have used them myself for that purpose. Stay—we will first see the horses and run our hands over their manes and tails carefully."

They went, looked the horses over, and themselves brought the saddles. As planned, they were almost literally cut into inch pieces. When this was done Argyle stood erect.

"I'm beat!" he admitted seriously.

"Captain, that infernal diamond was not along with Radd and myself."

"Windham, it was along with you. Radd said so with his dying breath and in possession of all his mental faculties. Depend upon it, he knew. He was the latest thief of the red stone, and he hid it somewhere. But where?"

Windham gazed at his companion in something akin to stupefaction. For years he had regarded him as a miracle of wisdom and good judgment, and it was not easy to break the long chain of homage, but to believe was to do violence to evidence that looked as strong as destiny itself. If Argyle was right, where was the red-hued gem?

"It is impossible that I have it," he returned, after a long pause. "It is small, being no more than a carat, diamond weight, but that's large enough for the eye and hand to detect it. I haven't it. Just now, it occurs to me that if Radd took it he had a confederate. True, I never knew him to make free with anybody outside, a few trivial remarks being all he gave such persons. Still, he must have had a confederate, and that man has the Blood of Montezuma."

Argyle shook his head unsmilingly.

"Windham, a dying man has looked into your eyes and spoken in my hearing. I had a chance to weigh his words and to analyze his expression. Dying, and with no reason for a lie, he said you had it. I add my testimony to his. You have it!"

"You bar the possibility that he may have been honestly mistaken."

"I do bar it, for he was not mistaken. His manner was that of one who knew, positively knew."

"Then where is it?"

"We will try to learn."

They did try, and all of Argyle's remarkable shrewdness was used, but it brought no results. Radd Bodil was buried at his master's expense. The two Americans stood over the open grave and saw the body lowered. They saw the earth piled upon the dead, nor did they leave until the last handful was arranged. Then the ex-strangler of India was left alone.

"If death had only permitted him to speak a dozen more words!" sighed Argyle.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DARK THREAT

DURING the remainder of their stay in Vera Cruz the search for the diamond was prosecuted with thoro attention, tho it was largely repeating what had been gone over before. Radd Bodil, dying, had said, "You have it! Look——" And then he had gone to his fathers. Look where? That was the problem, and Argyle wrestled with it stubbornly.

One new device was the removal of the shoes from the feet of the horses, tho the explorer placed small confidence in this resort. Attention to shoes was then in its second stage, for, previously, Argyle had cut those worn by Windham into bits. Revolvers and knife-handles were seen to, rifles were taken apart, and, in the end, Windham's property looked like what it was, prey to destruction.

But the Blood of Montezuma was not found.

Time wore on until it was the evening before the day they were to separate. They sat together in the hotel, saddened by thoughts of the coming parting, but Argyle was committed to his engagement to meet his associate explorers at Hidalgotitlan and thence to Yucatan, while business as imperatively called Windham to his Louisiana home. Separation was not to be avoided.

"I think," said the elder man, "that we shall finish in Yucatan in a year, and I will then accept your invitation to visit you. The pleasure of it will be all the keener because I shall be eager to learn the developments in your crusade with the Twelve Brethren."

"You still think I shall see them further?"

"Most certainly!" Argyle declared. "They are bound to have their sacred gem, and they will follow wherever you go."

"Then the thing may become vexatious."

"I hope," replied Argyle, very seriously, "it will be no worse than that. You yourself have foreseen that their belief that the gem is the blood of their dead king, solidified, will lead them to utterly disregard the sanctity of human life. I dislike to worry you, but——"

The explorer paused and regarded his friend with painful concern.

"Go on!" Windham directed.

"The Twelve Brethren must be measured for what they are—men of natural intelligence, but dwellers in small, isolated places where education has small part and vendettas are common. That they are superstitious is proved by the fact that they believe the gem to have been formed from human blood. That means they are, in some ways, exceedingly ignorant. Men like them are never averse to the shedding of blood. If they think their cause will be helped thereby, they will kill you as lightheartedly as they would a wild beast."

Windham shrugged his shoulders and was silent, but the shrug was not that of disdain or confidence.

"Your chief safeguard," Argyle pursued, "will be the very fact that they think you have the red stone, for they will ask themselves whether the killing of you would not destroy their last hope of recovering it. I fancy theirs will be a waiting game."

"You think they will wait for me to betray myself?"

"Yes. They will hope that you'll take to wearing the gem."

"I've got to find it first."

"After I leave Yucatan I will come to you, and I'm not sure but I shall find matters just as they are now. A year is not long to wait."

The speaker leaned forward and placed his hand on Windham's knee.

"Keep two things always in mind," he added. "The Aztecs are sure to follow you——"

"Yes."

"And you have the diamond!"

Windham threw up his hands and drew a deep breath.

"Then," he exclaimed, "where the dickens is it?"

The question was unanswered when they separated the next day. The ex-

plorer went south, bound for Yucatan, while the younger man went on board the steamer for home.

As soon as they were under way he visited his horse, to make sure it was properly cared for, and then he stood in a retired part of the deck and meditated. Later, he made the rounds of the steamer looking keenly at all dark-skinned persons, eager to know if the Twelve Brethren were represented.

Argyle had called attention to the fact that when Radd Bodil lay dying, Crispo Bayer had probably heard him exclaim that his master had the diamond. If so, some of the Twelve Brethren were likely to be in the vessel, but search revealed none of their number.

Two things of importance occurred on board. First, at the evening meal, Windham met friends, a party of Americans consisting of one Reese Linkwood, a Louisiana planter, his wife and daughter and, lastly, the companion of the latter, Dolores Stanley. In this agreeable company the homegoer passed various pleasant hours and, for the time, forgot his perplexities.

Secondly, when the Linkwood party left the boat in the early morning, after the landing, Windham was not at the gangway to bid them good-by, according to his promise, and when, later, the door of his stateroom was forced by stewards who could get no answer to their knocks, Windham was found bound, gagged and partially insensible, while a strange odor was in the place.

Afterward, he recalled that, at the moment of drifting into full unconsciousness, some time during the night, with his body torpid and incapable of motion, his last gleam of mental attention had showed him the face of Crispo Bayer just above his own.

The Twelve Brethren had struck again, had turned the room upside down and gone, nobody knew where. The American hoped they had found the diamond, but he doubted.

The history of the next ten months brought only one event of importance. Windham, always interested in Dolores Stanley, added to his acquaintance with her, proposed, was accepted and married. Then they settled down on his plantation and were happy.

During the ten months he saw none of the Brethren and was never troubled by them. He was not so sure they had abandoned their crusade. Tales were told thruout the township of men who skulked in the swamps and ran away when detected by those who belonged near. This was nothing new, however. A wild country lay north, fugitive criminals often had made it their hiding place, and stories of skulkers were older than the young planter.

The present men of mystery might be of the same stamp, but Windham often asked himself if it was so. Several times he went where they had been seen and hunted, still bent on having speech with one of the Brethren, but he found nobody.

In his more idle hours he found how strong an impression the personality and gifts of Radd Bodil had made upon him. If he watched a blacksmith shoe his horse he recalled Radd's ability in that line. Or if he saw a carpenter, mason, cook or tailor at work he remembered Radd's deft-handed skill at these occupations. Even the doctor who once attended an ailing servant was a reminder that Radd could cunningly diagnose and cure common ills. Amateur that he was, the lost servant had seemed to be master of all trades.

Radd Bodil, dead, still colored his master's life.

Three months married, and three months happy, Windham one evening sat on the piazza of his house and looked dreamily at the bank of red in the Western sky where the sun had recently dropped from sight. His mood was especially tranquil, for he was planning some pleasure for his wife and this was pleasure for him, but he was finally interrupted.

A sound came to his ears that was not the drone of insects outside, and it proved instantly disquieting. He paused, analyzed the sound, and leaped to his feet. Entering the house he hurried to his wife's sitting-room.

Dolores was there on her knees, weeping and shaking with sobs she could not wholly control. He spoke her name and she came to her feet, revealing a face that was the picture of dismay. Her eyes told many things thru a veil of tears, but not what he most wanted to know.

He caught her in his arms.

"What is wrong, dear?" he demanded, his voice unsteady.

Her arms twined around his neck.

"I will never do it, never!" she cried vehemently.

"Do what?" he asked. "What is the trouble?"

"They may kill me if they will, but they shall not have their way in this. How dare they ask it? My husband is first of all, and I'll stand by him while I live. Yes, and they shall not harm him!"

Windham said nothing just then. Dolores was a miracle of good health and firm nerves, but he knew her present mood was hysteria. Until she was quieted she was not responsible for what she said, and questions were useless.

He led her to a seat and, with his arms still around her, talked soothingly until her sobs moderated and, at last, died away. Continuing his mental ministrations skilfully, he finally brought her to full coherence and again questioned her.

For a time she evaded explanations, but her reluctance gave way before his arguments and pleadings, and her voice stole out of the nook in his arm where her head was pillowed.

"Seaver, just before you sailed with us from Vera Cruz you had been traveling in the wildest parts of Mexico?"

"Yes," he returned.

"What happened then?"

"What happened?" he repeated, with a start.

"Yes."

"Why, on such a trip a good many things——"

"What," she interrupted, "is the Blood of Montezuma?"

"Eh?"

"Oh! Seaver, Seaver!" she cried, "I am distracted. I know but little, but there is horror to it! I am—let me tell you the truth. I have Aztec blood in my veins, and I am asked—yes, commanded—to turn against you. You have something they want, and they swear they will kill me if I do not find it and return it to them!"

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

Hearken to the battle bugles!
Hear the music of the drum!
'Tis Columbia's voice a-calling
To her loyal children: "Come!"
See the mighty armies marching
To the fight beyond the foam,
There'll be victory on our banners
When the boys come home!

They look up—the Flag is floating
'Gainst the azure of the sky.
Their fathers fought around it
When the battle tide was high;
We will cheer them on their mission,
For we know that 'neath the dome
Of Heaven we'll be happy—
When the boys come home.

They will meet the blood-mad Kaiser
In a way he'll ne'er forget,
They will teach him many a lesson
With a Yankee bayonet;
And their names will be recorded
In Columbia's famous tome;
And the Flag will get new glory
When the boys come home.

Forward, valiant sons of freedom!
Send the slacker to the rear!
He shall not disgrace the banner
That our boys in khaki bear;
We will wait at home in patience
For the news from o'er the foam—
Ever ready with our greeting
When the boys come home.

Then unfurl our beauteous banner;
Wave its starry folds on high,
Let every hat be lifted
While the ranks are passing by;
May God speed our youthful yeomen,
They are first in Memory's tome;
We will fashion wreaths of laurel
When the boys come home!

T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER IX.
CLOSING IN.

WINDHAM was stricken speechless. In grasping for an explanation of his wife's grief he had never considered anything of this kind. The Aztecs had been as remote from his mind as pole from pole. Now, the shadow of their wishes and deeds fell abruptly upon him and he was swept with horror. For himself he had small thought, but when his wife was menaced it was different, shockingly different.

"Who is it that has threatened you?" he demanded as soon as words came at his bidding.

"I don't know their names," she replied, sighing quiveringly.

"Where did you see them?"

"I was in the palmetto grove when they came to me. I don't know where they came from, for they seemed to drop from the sky."

"Describe them!"

"They were all dark, just like Mexicans, and yet not alike. There were three of them. The one who spoke to me was a plump man with a voice as soft as a woman's. Another was short and slight, but it was the third who frightened me most. He was taller, and he had a face just like a vulture, with lank jaws, a long mustache and strange black eyes."

Windham barely checked a shiver. He knew that the man like a vulture was Crispo Bayer, and there could be no doubt that his companions were others of the Twelve Brethren.

"They threatened you?" he asked darkly.

"The little man said they would kill me."

"Tell me the story in detail."

She told it, but only amplified her original statement. She had been sitting in the grove when the men suddenly appeared. They said that her husband had a diamond with a sacred history, a relic of the great Aztec king, that was known as the Blood of Montezuma, and that it was stolen property. They demanded that she find it and give it to them.

"And," she added, looking anxiously at Windham, "they reminded me that I had Aztec blood, myself."

"I had never heard of that," he replied gently.

"I have never cared to admit it, and it must be such a very small alloy. I am a brunette, but do I look like one with Indian blood?"

"Most certainly not. But how do you know you have that alloy?"

"It was always mentioned to me from infancy," she answered. "As a child I was told the mournful story of Montezuma, and taught to revere and pity him. My mother, too—it was from her I had the blood—frequently told me that, in some generation, surviving Aztecs would have a chance to revive the glory of their people that was lost when Montezuma died, and that it might be in my day. I was left doubly orphaned at the age of 20, and all this had grown dim in my mind until brought back today."

She came quickly closer to his side.

"Seaver!" she cried, "will you care less for me now you know of that Indian inheritance?"

"Decidedly not!" was Windham's sturdy response. "You are the wife I chose, and the wife I'll keep. Give that no thought. It looks to me, however, as if these fellows have learned of your Aztec blood and intend to harass you into doing their work, but that they will kill you I do not believe. What would they gain by it?"

"What," asked Dolores, "is the Blood of Montezuma, and how did you get possession of it?"

Descending from the mountain, after seeing the secret vault, Windham had resolved never to tell a living person of the adventure he then had, nor of the vault and its sacred treasures, but now, for a second time, he felt himself compelled to speak freely.

He told the story in full, except that he passed very lightly over the evidence that he had the red-hued gem in his possession, and omitted a good deal that pointed that way. The omissions, however, led her to a wrong conclusion.

"Where," she asked, "do you keep the diamond?"

"I haven't it."

"But your servant said you did have it."

"Radd Bodil was, in some way, mistaken."

"And you say Captain Argyle believed him. But why? What points to you so strongly?"

Windham, cornered, found himself compelled to tell what he had kept back, and Dolores was soon in possession of all the facts known to him. She heard, and then, after a little study, nodded sharply.

"You haven't the diamond!" she declared.

"Why do you think so?"

"Think? Why, I know you haven't! If you have, where is it? I suppose that is what men would call logic, but I depend more on intuition. The horrid old diamond is not in your keeping. It is buried with Radd Bodil!"

"What makes you say that?" Windham asked, starting.

"I feel that it is so."

"But Argyle and myself searched Radd all over before he was buried—person, clothes and all."

"You have said he was very cunning at doing things—a carpenter, cook, tailor, mason and so on. Depend upon it, he worked some trick with that diamond. Not looking for death, he hid it about his person, so that's why it was buried with him. If the Twelve Brethren want it, let them open his grave."

"But I tell you, Argyle and I hunted the man and his clothing over and over——"

"Nevertheless, Radd Bodil fooled you. He took that gem with him to the grave. Doctor, cook, carpenter—and probably magician, he fooled you all."

Dolores, rarely forcible in her beliefs, was emphatic now, but she made no convert. Windham remembered what the search had been, how he and Argyle had gone over Radd's person and garments, and he could not believe. He shook his head in negation.

"The only hiding place in the grave is the coffin," he said, "and we cannot suspect Radd of prior knowledge of that box."

Dolores hesitated, tho not perceptibly convinced, and Windham resumed more forcibly:

"Now, when are you ordered to see these men?"

"Tomorrow evening, at nine o'clock, in the palmetto grove."

"I will meet them in your stead."

"But," she cried, alarmed, "they may do you harm!"

Here was the one point where he had not been frank. It would never do to tell her what he and Argyle thought, for she would worry herself into another hysterical condition. He caught at the one hope for quelling her fears.

"I am the safest person in Louisiana," he answered, lightly. "As long as they believe I have the red diamond they dare not injure me. It would ruin their last hope."

"So it would," she agreed. "I didn't think of that. Still, I dread to have you meet them."

"Leave that to me, Dolores. Let me plan."

There was a full twenty-four hours for the planning, and he did his best. Affairs moved forward at the appointed hour. Dolores went to the palmetto grove and the dusky figures appeared from somewhere to meet her. Crispo Bayer was conspicuous, and the three Brethren stood as a compact group.

"Welcome, senora!" said the plump man of the party. "What have you to report?"

"The senora's husband will speak for her!" said a deep voice at one side, and they wheeled and saw Windham. He raised a hand warningly, yet persuasively. "Be at ease," he added, "for I am here to talk with you."

"El traidor!" muttered the small man.

"I am no traitor," retorted Windham. "For months I have wanted to speak with you. If you will listen to me we shall all understand better, and there is no reason why we should be enemies."

The plump man's head turned both ways in succession and he seemed to try to read the minds of his associates. Then he thrust out his hands impetuously.

"Give back the sacred diamond you have stolen from us!" he cried.

CHAPTER X.
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

WINDHAM met the outburst calmly. Now that he had gained speech with the Brethren without being shot down he felt more certain as the result of his efforts.

"Aztecs," he said quietly but firmly,

(Continued on Page 28.)

What Women Are Doing in the War

She Feeds Only Privates.

IN A morsel of an ancient French town, so old that with some one to guide you, you can still find traces of the walls the Romans built back in the days when the Germans were beginning to make a nuisance of themselves, is the finest little restaurant in the world; or, so, at least, think its patrons.

Madame Cocaud is the proprietress, and she has made it a point to serve only privates. It has only been since the arrival of the Americans that Madame has run a restaurant at all. Before the war she did business at a buffet, opposite the mayor's office, and made money enough to send her only son thru college. She was ambitious for the boy, and she wanted him to rise above his station in life.

He was on a fair way to fame and fortune when the war came along, and he went with his regiment to stem the onrush of the Hun. During the second fall of the war, he died and the light went out for Madame Cocaud. She was left alone with her memories, a silent, stricken woman, who seemed to have forgotten how to smile.

Then, one day, the first Americans came rattling thru her little village. Most of them made for the taverns where the signs swung wide, but one tired and dusty boy poked his head into Madame Cocaud's door, and asked for some eggs.

He called them "woofs," but Madame understood, and she brought him a great, heaping plateful. It was only after he insisted with great vehemence that she take money for the meal, that she named a sum preposterously small, and so found herself launched in the restaurant business.

From then on, it was not easy to find a corner in Madame's small, cramped rooms, all hung with strange brass pots and pans and festooned with still stranger strings of sausages. Soldiers crowded in from everywhere, and Madame Cocaud was never so happy as when she was fixing omelettes and sausages and hundreds of other good things for the soldiers. The neighbors noted that she began to smile again. They noticed, too, with little pleasure, that Madame was charging much too little for her fine meals. They remonstrated with her, but her answer always was the same.

Madame works for these common soldiers because she loves them. To her they are the comrades of her son fallen in battle. In them she sees the courage and the splendid manhood that she gave up for her beloved France, for her son, too, was only a "simple soldat."

Children on the Job.

WITH the example, zeal, and energy of the children of America in the matter of Thrift and War Savings Stamps, the housewives of the country will shortly attain a reputation for thrift and management second to no other nation in the world.

"With their young eyes checking up on everything you do or make, and their eager young hands grabbing up everything you might waste, they're worse than an angry conscience," laughingly protested a mother of four husky young patriots. "They do everything but steal to turn their efforts into pennies or nickels toward their stamps. I started out when the war savings campaign opened last December in a rather indifferent attitude toward it. I looked upon it as something the children could and should take care of. But they have trained me otherwise."

There are some mothers and housewives still who are slow to realize the particular appeal of the thrift and war savings, and the possibilities it offers to the stay at home to do her part.

The meatless days offer a concrete instance where you might save. It was the opportunity seen by many women who are now the most enthusiastic of Thrift and War Stamp fans. They took to investing the sums saved by a meatless menu in Thrift Stamps. It was surprising how rapidly the thrift cards were filled.

Every time a particular bargain is made in food items a housewife may convert that into a stamp, and many have done and are doing this. Reducing the light and the gas bills and the grocery and the clothes bill is made that much easier when a book of stamps representing actual and real money and our country's defense is within plain sight.

Gifts to the Boys.

SINCE our boys have gone to war, myself and two girl-friends get together one evening every week and make up boxes of goodies to send our soldier boys. We are working girls, employed in offices, and having Saturday afternoons off, we applied at one of the department stores and were put on as extras for Saturday afternoons.

Each one earns $1.50 extra in this way, and the money is pooled each week to buy supplies and pay postage. We have nine names on our list, which includes brothers, cousins, sweethearts, a family doctor, and former fellow workers. We send off three packages every week, so each boy expects one at least every three weeks. As the boys are often transferred from one place to another, we have sent boxes to almost every camp in the United States.

All our friends are saving their empty boxes for us and give us cake and candy recipes that are new and good. We always have in each package one kind of home made candy, cookies or cake, nuts, or stuffed dates, etc., and we try to vary the kind of cake and candy each time.

The wonderful letters of appreciation which reach us after each week's sending more than repay us for our labor; in fact, we have so much fun working together that we have never considered it labor.—E. G

A Devotional Pilgrimage.

A FEW months ago Mrs. Mabel Fonda Gareissen lost her only son in the great war for democracy. The blow was a hard one, but Mrs. Gareissen was brave, and some time afterwards left for France to work under the Y. M. C. A.

The devotional pilgrimage—for that is what it really is—of this American mother is an inspiration to American women. Speaking of the feelings that prompted her to go to the battle front, she said:

"Our sons belonged to a peace-loving age. They had to leave loved ones, drop prospects of careers, and prepare for the most infernal war the world has ever known. They have done this without complaint, with a determination to put forth the best and highest within them. American mothers, no matter how their hearts may bleed, must rise to the leading of their sons. And if those idolized sons fall, still they must rise—keeping ever before them their sons who have gone up and up. In other words, they must be worthy of being the mothers of the boys of today."

Waters the Stock.

I AM a farmer's daughter, 16 years old, and my father has been pumping all the water for twenty-two head of stock with an engine. As oil costs so much, I asked him if I couldn't make a bargain with him and pump it for 50 cents a week. He was glad to have me do it and I buy two Thrift Stamps every Tuesday of our mail carrier.—H. B

To Help Maimed Soldiers Earn Living.

MISS JESSIE M. PRESTON.

SOLDIERS who come out of the trenches in France maimed for life and compelled to seek new ways of earning a livelihood and who are being taught work along artistic lines, such as metal welding, woodwork, leather and bookbinding, are to have shops in which their work will be offered for sale. The shops are to be organized under the direction of Miss Jessie M. Preston of Chicago, a noted artist and winner of an award for excellent workmanship in jewelry at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Miss Preston has sailed for France at the express request of Miss Grace Gasette, director of the Franco-American Surgical Appliance Committee, which is performing such wonders along the line of reconstructing maimed soldiers, and which has the support of not only its American patrons but the French government, as well. The hospital of the committee, which heretofore has had French soldiers exclusively as patients, has been enlarged to take care of American soldiers now.

American Hello Girls a Success in France.

BACK of the lines, in places not far removed from danger, the American "Hello Girl" is proving her worth. In modern warfare the telephone has assumed such importance that frequently it is referred to as the nerves of an army. It was not difficult to get materials to put an intricate system of communication into the country held by the Allied armies, but it was no easy matter to obtain operators who could work with speed and efficiency.

French women and men were used behind the American lines during 1917, but without satisfactory results. But the American girl soon came to the rescue. When the Government put "Want Ads" in the daily newspapers for telephone operators that could speak both French and English, the appeal was answered by hundreds of young women anxious to serve their country on French soil.

On March 2, the first hundred were sent across, after a preliminary training of two months. These young women are members of the Signal Corps and wear a regulation uniform composed of blue serge jacket and shirt, and blue felt hat with the official orange and white cord of the Signal Corps. On the left sleeve, each one wears a brassard of white whipcord or doeskin bearing small devices indicating the rank of the wearer, chief operator, supervisor or operator.

American officers are unanimous in the opinion that it would be almost impossible to brigade the American troops without the aid of these girls. The American operator is equipped to handle 300 calls an hour. It takes the Paris operator from 40 to 60 seconds to complete one call. No wonder that American officials are glad to have these girls immediately in back of the lines, taking care of the messages that may mean death or life to thousands of men.

Braved Russ Bullets.

A 22-YEAR-OLD girl braved the bullets of the White Guards of Russia to procure a safe passage for herself and members of an American party in their recent flight from Petrograd. She is Miss Ranta, formerly bookkeeper with the American Tobacco company in that city.

The Germans were approaching Petrograd when Miss Ranta and her party of refugees left the city. At Helsingfors an appeal was made to the Red Guard to grant them safe conduct thru the lines, but the appeal was refused, and the party went on to Tammerfors. On the way they were arrested, but later were allowed to proceed to join another group of Americans close to the battle lines.

Carrying a flag of truce and the Stars and Stripes, Miss Ranta, Captain Crosby and Mr. Tyler, members of the same party, mounted the breastworks where they might be seen. When the firing stopped they walked out between the lines. The White Guards fired on them, thinking it was a ruse. None of them was hit, but Miss Ranta was taken prisoner because of her Finnish garb.

At last, during a six hours' truce, they managed to get across No Man's Land. In the meanwhile, Miss Ranta discovered that the commander-in-chief of the White Guards was an old schoolmate, who immediately ordered her released.

The refugees then proceeded overland in sleighs to Christinstadt, and from there to Stockholm, where they embarked for America.

A War Wardrobe.

SHOW this to your husbands, ladies. They will be sure to be interested, for Mrs. Holley, a New York portrait painter, has devised a war wardrobe that is both artistic and economical.

The invention is founded on the slip, or one piece dress, which can be made of any kind of material. This is fitted tightly to the figure, either with sleeves or without, and depends on two other garments for its enhancement.

These two garments are an under tunic and an over tunic. The under tunic serves in the capacity of underskirt and camisole and should be made of some light texture. The over tunic is the fairy transformer of the dress. Usually it is of chiffon or georgette, and may be as elaborate as you please. Its decorative qualities depend on the taste of the wearer.

The possibilities of this outfit are unlimited. Color schemes employed in it may be legion, and a woman can go on all her life planning new combinations. It may be converted into an evening gown or a street frock by simply changing the tunic. With one foundation, it is possible to achieve six or seven different garments, every one of which will make your neighbor sigh with envy.

The Affronted "Galloper."

SIR FREDERICK SMITH—"Galloper," he is sometimes called in England—got into difficulty now and then during his American visit on account of his fiery and ebullient nature.

"Galloper" Smith had an altercation with an Irish-American lawyer at a trial that he attended in New York. The altercation became very warm. Finally one of the "Galloper's" supporters said, with a sneer and a toss of the head toward the Irish-American:

"Come away, Sir Frederick. Remember your rank."

"Remember I'm what?" roared "Galloper" Smith fiercely.

Got the Wrong Works.

TELEPHONE calls get mixed in Topeka just as they do in other places. Not infrequently when Judge Smith in the Governor's office at the State House is called to the phone, somebody asks, "Is this the waterworks?" Once during the winter of 1917 an excited individual, who was contending with a broken water pipe, shouted into the judge's ear the well known question: "Is this the waterworks?" The Legislature was in session at the time. "No, sir; this is not the waterworks," the judge replied. "This is the wind works."

Couldn't Believe Him.

IN A New England town a local celebrity was charged with stealing chickens. The prisoner was noted for never telling the truth when he could help it, and consequently there was general surprise when he pleaded guilty.

It evidently staggered the justice. He rubbed his glasses and then scratched his head. "I—guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he after a thoughtful pause, "I reckon I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

Hard to Tell.

"Jones is in the hospital very much run down."

"Nervous prostration or automobile?"

Her Right to Discriminate

By Olive Roberts Barton

ALICIA didn't dislike soldiers, she merely discriminated. And just because she exercised this right in most things she did and refused to follow the sheep path with the rest of the herd, she had been called independent, without any compliment being meant.

So when she came with three trunks and accessories to visit the Harpers, her sister and brother-in-law, she refused to get excited when the former informed her before she'd been there an hour that she'd adore the Lovells next door, their best friends, and she was sure to go crazy about Tom's brother, Lieutenant Lovell, who was home on leave from the Army.

"Just because he is a soldier?" Alicia's amused eyes had looked over her tea cup a bit wickedly. "And he wears a nice cap, and shoulder straps and a fitted-in coat and baggy trousers, all tucked into very nice leggings," she went on.

"Alicia Blackwell!" Her sister's wrath was genuine. "Why, you ought to be locked up for talking so lightly of men who have offered their lives for our country."

"Lives?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, I see, you class them all alike, but I reserve the right to discriminate. Out of 500 men from our town less than half are going to be in jeopardy when they get over. Why, in our block there are ten new officers and not one will see any fighting.'

"All right, have it your way, but for goodness sake be nice to Bob Lovell. I don't know what he's in, but a soldier's a soldier to me, and I think you're all wrong. They aren't all physically qualified to fight."

"I didn't say it was their fault. I just refuse to turn a somersault whenever I hear an officer's name mentioned, that's all."

"They are coming over this evening You must be nice to him."

"All right, when I see him I'll be civil."

And the talk turned to other things without Betty Harper in the least suspecting the ambiguity of her sister's last remark.

That night after dinner Alicia developed a headache and regretted that she couldn't come down. She had a tiresome journey and thought she'd go to bed, she said.

"Of course, it's all right, dear," said Betty, appearing with a hot water bottle and some aspirin, "but I can't help being so disappointed. I was having it for you, and the Lieutenant is so hard to get hold of. He has an engagement, two or three of them, for every evening he's at home."

"That's good—" began Alicia. "That's too bad," she answered instead. "I am sorry for your sake. But I'll be all right tomorrow, and if the honorable lieutenant has so many demands on his time, meeting a girl more or less isn't going to be a soul destroying matter, I should say."

Then she took off her dinner dress, put on a loose Mandarin costume of soft silk, one of those terrible up-to-date flamboyant expressions of art so much affected by young women nowadays in the sanctity of their boudoirs, let down her hair, which was long and thick and heavy, and enough to give her a real headache, and pulled one of the twin beds and the stand with the night lamp over close to the window, so she could take turns reading and looking up at the moon. Altogether she congratulated herself on her good sense in deciding to be perfectly comfortable instead of making a fool of herself over one of Uncle Sam's new officers.

But she didn't look at the moon much, for she was reading "Over the Top," and gradually became so interested in Empey's juggling with death that her eyes flew fascinated over the pages. At the end of a thrilling chapter she closed her eyes.

"I do reverence those men," she declared. "I do admire our own soldiers, no matter where they belong, but I'm not going to have Bet ram one down my throat without me looking."

The roar and din of battle was in her ears, and the smoke, acrid and penetrating, seemed to hurt her eyes. It was very real. She sat up sniffing. It was smoke, and something was burning, something not in the book.

She sprang up then. The odor was coming thru the open window, and looking out she saw the two rear windows of the house next door, in which lights shone out, giving out a dull, thick cloud that could mean only one thing

She flew down the back stairs and out across the strip of lawn that separated the two houses, then up onto the back porch of the other, pushing open the door which had been left unlocked.

It was the kitchen, as she supposed, and she was relieved to find that the source of the whole trouble was a pot on the stove from which came the remains of something that had been left to cook, in the form of thick, suffocating smoke.

She grabbed a tea towel from a rack, pulled the kettle off the burner, decided that her work of salvation was over and started to retreat the way she had come, when the swing door from the pantry was pushed open and an Airedale bounded into the kitchen, bristling and growling and showing his teeth.

Alicia backed slowly to the door, frightened almost beyond moving. She knew that no properly trained watch dog would stand for an orange and purple apparition like herself in an inferno like that. It was more than the nerves of any self-respecting animal could be expected to endure.

Just as the dog sprang toward her she pulled the door open and shut and fell back almost fainting with fright into Stygian blackness of the back stairs. Below, she could hear the dog scratching and barking at the door as she groped feebly for a lock, but there was none; so she held frantically to the knob. Above—she listened intently. Horrors! Right over her head a man was talking over the telephone, and she found herself eavesdropping, albeit unwillingly. She dared not let go the knob, much less open the door, and she dared not let this man see her in a costume that had frightened the very dog into fits.

So she sat still.

This man was saying, "You see, Bill, it's hard to tell you just exactly why I didn't go. They say the girl's pretty, and it's only next door at that, but I get tired of skirts. Someway they haven't any place in this war. My mind's on other things, anyway, and I am going to cut it out. I've got Machine Gun to study tonight and it would make your head spin. The house is nice and quiet with Lily and Tom gone—nobody here but Miggs and myself. But just now he is making such a row in the kitchen I think I'll go down and investigate. I smell smoke, too! Tomorrow? All right, Bill. Good night!"

And in a second the musculine footsteps proceeded down the back stairs.

Alicia was caught in a trap, and still smarting under the words she had just heard, she decided to throw propriety to the winds.

"If you please call off your dog, I'll get out of your way!" she said from the blackness.

"Holy smokes! Is that you, Nora?"

"No, it isn't Nora. She's gone out and left her potato water on the stove to frighten the neighborhood. I came in to save your house from burning down, and get the usual reward. Your dog wants to eat me alive, and you—well, I won't tell you what I think of you!"

Bob Lovell threw open the door. "Down, Miggs, down! Now will you please step out into the light, madam, so I can thank you and apologize?"

But Alicia, an orange and purple streak, had reached the back door and was out before the astonished lieutenant could say "Boo." But he had seen her face (as well as the bifurcations) and knew that he wouldn't forget it in a hundred years.

"Miggs, did you see what a pretty neighbor we have?" said he slowly to the dog. "And mark you, Miggs, I only said I was tired of skirts, now didn't I, and that was no skirt she had on, now was it?"

The rest of it is briefly that Alicia forgave Bob Lovell in time, and merely to be perverse or to show she was true to her sex, fell in love with the man who professed to scorn her.

She is going to marry him when the war is over, perhaps before.

⁂

True Story.

"OF COURSE," suggested the old settler, "it was what you might call peculiar. We lived in a farmhouse up on the side of the hill, and down there below us was the whole Troublesome Bottom with the Troublesome River winding along thru it. The Troublesome River empties into the Mississippi, and that spring the old Mississippi was away up. Real high water, it was. And naturally it backed up into Troublesome Bottom.

Then the high water went down all of a sudden. And during the falling process myself and two brothers were coming home one evening from a farm across the valley where we had gone to attend a sale. It just happened that there was not a thing at that sale we wanted except a couple of pitchforks and a shovel. So we bought those and we had 'em along with us in the wagon.

We had to cross Troublesome at a ford. The back-water was getting pretty well run out by now and what there was left of it was running across the ford in a mighty shallow sort of stream. We noticed something odd before we got down to the ford. Something was moving in the shallow water.

"We hurried up and got down there And the truth is that the whole ford was fairly alive with fish. There were big fish and little ones, catfish and buffalo and gars, and every other sort the old Mississippi ever knew. The ford had acted as a sort of a dam, and when the back-water began to go out it caught the fish upstream.

"So we grabbed those tools we just happened to have in the wagon and fell to shoveling and forking those fish out of the water and into the wagon. We got a full load. And when we got home it took every barrel and cask and tub on the place to salt those fish away in."

"Can't say I blame you for calling that tale peculiar," the hardware man broke in. "Of course I believe it. I know beyond all shadow of a doubt that the tale is gospel truth, because I was there—I was one of those fish."

"I expected as much," the old settler went on. "Was a fellow named Columbus once, and nobody would believe him, either. And a man named Galileo got into considerable trouble for sticking to the facts. So here goes. I was over on Bird Slough last Wednesday and I caught a six-pound bass above the drift right around the big bend above Spence Qualey's place."

"That sounds like something," interjected the horse doctor. "I caught a pair of bass right along there myself. They——"

"Yes, reminds me of the time the great-granddaddy of all the bass that ever lived broke a brand new line for me just below that drift," the hardware man said. "I had dinner with Spence that day and he said the old bass was a particular friend of his. He said——"

"I've always maintained that a lie everybody can agree to is better than the truth," the old settler sighed. "The ford yarn is true; and the fact is, I never caught a fish with a line in my life; and on top of that, there ain't any bass in Bird Slough, and never has been."

⁂

No Speed.

A CERTAIN golf club near Chicago engaged a new greenskeeper recently and on the same day bought a new horse to pull the heavy roller used to smooth out the wrinkles in the fairway. A day or two later the greenskeeper approached the club secretary.

"I want to know," he said, "who'll be responsible for any accidents that happen to the horse?"

"Why, you will, of course," replied the secretary. "The animal is in your charge."

"Well, if that is the case, I give notice. The brute hasn't speed enough to get out of the way of the roller and one of these fine days I'll run him down and flatten him out."

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When Petain Meets Petain.

I heard a yarn about the French commander-in-chief the other day. He was driving in a motor with an equerry past a town near Verdun, when he came upon four little boys marching in single file, arrayed in soldiers' helmets and carrying real bayonets.

The sight of the little faces, almost lost in the real soldiers' helmets, amused General Petain, and stopping the car he said to the Leader of the Bit

"You are brave fellows! What is your name?"

"Oh, I am General Petain!" replied the boy, who had no idea to whom he was speaking.

This reply greatly amused the General. "Well, my name is General Petain, also," he said, "and I am very pleased to have met you!"

The two Generals then shook hands, gravely saluted and parted company.

Why He Didn't Hear It.

Our friend the oldest resident — us yesterday.

Did you go to the symphony concert?" we asked him

"Yes."

"Enjoy it?"

"No."

"Why, I heard it was very good."

"It may have been the best ever, for all I know."

"What was the matter?"

"Two women who sat behind me kept up a constant line of clatter during the whole affair."

"What did they talk about—the war?"

"No—they were telling each other how much they loved music."

Watches His Step.

The scene showed a miser counting his money and refusing to give his wife enough to buy supper.

"That man is certainly stingy," remarked a girl to her father.

"Yes," he replied; "he couldn't lose his step without missing it."

Not Done.

Aunt—"You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?"

Niece—"Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there."

Sparrow—"My, some people have a nerve sticking their waste paper right in my doorway!"

In Wrong Either Way.

"I'm in hard luck."

"Why?"

"I told Belle she was the first girl I ever loved, and she said she couldn't waste her time trusting anyone. Then I told Nancy I had made love to other girls but that she was my real passion, and she asked me if she was a cultured taste with me or a forlorn hope."

Wrong Name.

A good story is told by Sir Auckland Geddes concerning an unfamiliar public house loafer and a Canadian soldier who bore on his shoulder straps the initials "C. E.," which stands for Canadian engineers.

The soldier, his face a study in concentrated wrathfulness, had the civilian by the scruff of the neck and was apparently lost on the point of knocking him the ching when a heated policeman put in a appearance.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" demanded the constable.

"What's it about?" replied the Canadian, giving the wretched loafer an extra shake to emphasize his words. "Why, he called me a conscientious objector. Now watch him being ejected."

No Encouragement.

For the first three years of their married life Mrs. Wife and mother had lived with the young couple. Then one morning, without even stopping to ask Mary died.

The young wife rushed upstairs and told the news to her mother. "I suppose some nasty low woman is responsible for his leaving you," said the latter.

"Yes, mother," said the sorrowing wife, "there was a woman in it."

"Her name!" demanded the good woman, palpitating like an enraged motor omnibus.

"You, mother," came the whispered reply.

"Me! Well, I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."

Not Quite as Good.

"What did papa do when you asked him to give you my hand?"

He—"He put down his foot."

Time No Object.

She was a very newly fledged baroness or duchess or something like that, and, somehow or other, she became thick with a professor, as the classical blokes would have it, and he invited her to come to his observatory to see the eclipse.

She arrived about two hours late.

"I've come to see the eclipse," she told the professor's assistant. "Professor Squashnoddle invited me to come."

"I'm sorry, but the whole thing was over an hour ago" said the assistant, contritely.

"Then," said the dignified dame, "I will wait for the next."

Paying It on Father.

She—"Papa says he will pay half the cost of furnishing a house for us."

He—"But how about the other half?"

She—"Don't be a goose! Of course we'll pick out a lot of nice things, get papa's check for half of the bill, and then go back and select things only half as expensive."

Rastus Had Experience.

Charities Agent—"Why don't you get out and hustle? Work never killed anybody."

Rastus—"You're mistaken there, boss. I lost four wives that way."

Easily Detected.

"Smith could never misrepresent his goods, for such a trick could be easily seen thru."

"What kind of goods does he sell?"

"Window glass."

Her Natural Bent.

Miss Fad—"Have you decided to do your bit?"

Miss Fit—"I'm going in for farming. I think it will be perfectly grand just to vegetate."

Only on Rare Occasions.

Rub—"Didn't I hear the cook call you by your first name?"

Wife—"Don't say a word. She only does that when she's good-natured."

Well, Perhaps.

The doctors were holding a consultation beside the bed of a soldier who had to have an operation.

"I believe," said one of the surgeons softly, "that we should wait and let him get a little stronger before cutting into him."

Before the other prospective operator could reply the patient, who had overheard, turned his head and replied to the nurse with a beseeching gaze:

What do they take for a disease"

Renson Given.

The other day a well-known music hall artist was chatting to a London journalist whose paper is not always to be relied upon for accuracy of statements.

"My dear fellow," the comedian said, "I think that what you want is a bishop on your staff."

"A bishop!" Why?" asked the journalist in amazement

"Because," answered the other, with a smile "none of the statements in your paper are in need of confirmation"

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Unusual.

"See anything unusual on your trip?"

"Yes. At one of the places where I stopped I found a ticket agent who didn't seem annoyed when I asked for a ticket."

Undetected.

"Now I sneak on as a burglar. The stage is dark. I must not be discovered."

"All right."

"Be sure to keep me to the spotlight."

Undoubtedly.

"What is the difference between an elephant and a mosquito?"

"It's shape."

How It Was Done.

Tommy was home on leave, and he'd been asked questions from the moment he arrived in Blighty to the end of his stay. Now he was in the train bound for the channel boat, and an old gentleman started questioning again.

"Do you still use pigeons for carrying messages?" he asked

"Yes," grunted Tommy.

"Then why don't you send them over the sea?"

"Because we still lose a few, with parrots, so's they can carry verbal messages."

His Place.

Head of Business—"What position do you desire in our establishment, sir?"

College Graduate—"Oh, something like confidential adviser of general manager."

Head of Business—"Good! You may have both jobs. I will make you an office boy."

Positively Megaphonic

Specialist—"The trouble with you is that your joints don't articulate well."

Patient—"Don't they? If I move this elbow joint you can hear it a block away."

Comparison.

It is said that a certain well-known portrait painter has almost as great a reputation for joking as for making excellent likenesses. One evening he was speaking of a beautiful young girl whose portrait he had just finished

"Her features are exquisitely molded. I have heard," said a lady who had seen neither the portrait nor its original.

"Beautiful forehead and eyes," returned the artist, concisely, "handsome nose fine chin but mouth like an elephant."

"Mouth like an elephant's!" echoed the lady in dismay. "What a terrible misfortune. Do you mean that it is so enormous, or what?"

"Only that it is filled with superb ivory," returned the artist, with his usual gravity.

The Bad Loser.

Harold Bell Wright the author said at a dinner in Chicago:

"The Germans are bad losers and when the Kaiser's entourage of military lads begin at last to get it in the neck a most terrific howl will go up from the German people After that the war will soon be over.

"Yes, the Germans are very bad losers I once knew a young German who proposed to a rich old maid some twenty years his senior.

"'No,' the old maid said gently. 'No, Heinrich, I can't accept your chivalrous offer, but I will be a sister to you.'

"Heinrich passed his teeth.

"'I got plenty of sisters,' he said 'It vos a mother I vos lookin' for, ma'am.'"

His Resolve.

Mrs. Hubb—"Oh, John, you say that if you lost me you would take to drinking, neglect your personal appearance and go to the bad in every way"

Hubb (firmly)— Yes my dear, you can bet I'd fix it so I'd never be an inducement to a woman again."

A Judicial Bull.

"How on earth could they convict that dumb man?"

"Why not"

"Didn't they charge him with uttering forged notes?"

Not on the Face of It.

"Are electric wires made of well-tempered metal?"

"Hardly, since it is so dangerous to cross them."

Lightly Taken.

"She never takes a man seriously."

"Indeed!"

"She's giggled on every wedding day she ever had

Yes, Jim, Until You Kick In.

Jim—"Your wife does know how to dress, old man. You have to hand it to her for that."

Tim—"Yes, and also foot the bills"

Today's Pome.

In the spring a young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to silken hose.
Costly hats and dainty dresses
And a half dozen beaus.

Musings of a Meditative Mutt.

About the only way a henpecked husband can say the last word is to listen until his wife has finished. Then say "All right."

Fifty-Fifty.

Bink—"So your wife and you are going fifty-fifty on your garden, eh?"

Glink—"Yeh—she tells me what to do and I do it."

It Depends.

Lady (to prospective charwoman)—"What do you charge per day?"

Charwoman—"Well, mum, two-and-six if I eats meself and two shillings if you eats me."—Punch.

Host—"How did you sleep last night? Mr. Crabbe—"Lying down, sir, lying down."

Would Save Time.

"Can you tell me the nearest way to Boylston street?"

"C-c-certainly, if you'll j-j-just t-t-t-Say, I-c-can go with you and sh-sh-show you quicker than I c-c-can say it

A Means to an End.

A certain mayor once rose to make a speech And after talking for three-quarters of an hour began to wind up with the words.

"And it is my greatest wish that the Government shall all hang together"

"Hear, hear!" cried a voice in the crowd.

"I don't mean in the sense in which the last speaker in the crowd would have us understand. I mean on the same principle that the mag I is together in concord and accord."

"I don't care what kind o' cord it is," cried the voice again, as long as it's a strong 'un!"

And the mayor gave it up

All in the Viewpoint.

A sailor on furlough was strolling the country when he saw for the first time in his life two men working on a cross-cut saw, sawing a tree in two. The sailor stood for about a quarter of an hour watching, after two men one of whom was very tall, while the other was very short. The sailor at last made a sudden spring and dealt the taller man a blow in the face.

"What—what's this?" stammered the big man.

"You big coward!" cried the sailor, "I've been watching you for the last quarter of an hour trying to take that saw from the little fellow!"

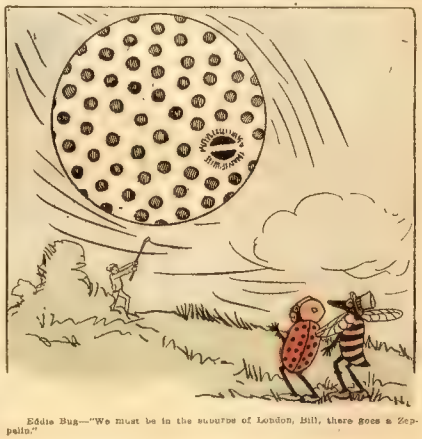
He Probably Meant Rape.

Jones (suddenly become patriotic and planning to plant things)—"I say, old man, how do you raise a garden?"

Jones' Right Kick—"First you get some seeds and plant them: then you buy a hen, and——"

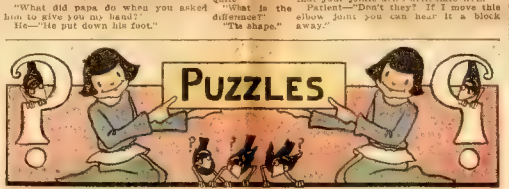
Jones—"And I see!"

The Right Kick "Then you hoe it to the hen. She'll raise it."



Eddie Bug—"We must be in the suburbs of London, Bill, there goes a Zeppelin."

Funeral Director—"Are you a mourner?"
Jones—"Me? No I guess I'm the only chap he didn't owe money to."



Diagonal Puzzle.

43

R * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * Y

The new diagonal is "R—Y," and the words are

1. To return, to happen again. 2. Select society. 3. Polite in a general way 4. A city in New York. 5. A fresh supply on the way.

Biblical Heroes.

44—1, This gardener, * * * * by name,
Blamed all his troubles on his dame
2, 'Twas * * * * * * had a talking ass,
The flaming sword he would not pass.
3, The exploits of * * * * thru the ages ring,
He slew a giant with his sling
4, With camel, raven, pig and goat,
This sailor, * * * * filled his boat.
5, In his strong faith, * * * * * * never was alarmed,
He came out of the lion's den unharmed.
6, This hairy, ruddy hunter, * * * *,
His birthright sold for food that he saw.
7, * * * * *, as everybody knows,
Had a rod that bloomed like a rose.
8, To tackle * * * * * * no man did dare.
Till after he had cut his hair.
9, A great man's nephew was this * * *,
When Sodom burned he fled the spot
10, For evil * * * * * * returned only good,
Gave his hungry brethren food.

Age Problem.

45—The combined ages of father, mother and daughter amount to 88 years, mother's age being just three times that of daughter. When the three ages combined amount to 124, mother will be just twice as old as daughter. What is father's age now?

Pied Poetry.

46—What familiar verse is this?
Tell it prods fo teraw,
Let til rusing fos dan
Ake then thymig a come
Dan het planut as alnd.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

39. Central Acrostic.

NOAH WEBSTER
1—E N N Y
2—S H O C K
3—C H A N E
4—C H E E R
5—M O W E R
6—S P E A R
7—L O B E Y
8—T A S T E
9—D I V O T
10—Q U E E N
11—T H R E E

40. Missing Words.

Let others CARE for worldly wealth
Whose RACE is valued at a price,
For me a cottage home and health,
An ACRE and a cow suffice

41. A Meal of Anagrams.

When solved is:
The Menu Card.
Oyster Soup. Roast Turkey.
Boiled Salmon. Dressed Tomatoes.

42. Anagram Grammar.

The fact that the letters of "potatoes" also spell, O stop at E, teach us that the singular is "potato" without an s.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain tesaers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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GENTLE JABS.

Floating debts may sink a corporation.

A man's good intentions seldom add to his income.

A schoolboy's definition of meantime is school time.

A promising young man is good, but a paying one is better.

Gold that is handled by a dentist is always at a premium.

Nearly all women are victims of the house cleaning microbe.

He who has health and owes nothing is both young and wealthy.

A girl loses her self-possession when she puts on a wedding ring.

Nothing is more gratifying than the consciousness of doing good.

Some would be more likely to take hints if they could pawn them.

Men with the least character are continually trying to have it vindicated.

The less a man knows the easier it is to convince him that he knows it all.

Those who work for the wages of sin are to postpone the date of reckoning.

Tenderness is all right in its way, but it is seldom weighed out by the butcher.

It sometimes happens that a man breaks his bank roll when he falls in love.

Go to the ant and get wisdom, young man, and you may not have to visit your "uncle."

No man is brave enough to allow a woman to see him making faces at her first born.

It is easy to pose as a charitable man—if you have the price and are willing to let go of it.

When a shiftless man gets sick his neighbors seldom lose much time worrying about it.

When a lazy man condescends to work he soon discovers that he is a little too good for his job.

Happy is the man who is married to a woman who did not take her cooking lessons at the piano.

Somebody with experience says: "The best throw a man can make with dice is to throw them away."

When a man discovers that he has had enough he also discovers that he has overestimated his capacity.

Many a man who poses as a public benefactor never thinks of giving his wife a dollar for her own use.

When some men get up in the world everybody appears small to them—and they appear small to everybody.

Your Kitchen in War Time

Potatoes as a Substitute for Flour

THE last six months have taught Americans how to save. Housewives all over the country heard the cry of the starving peoples of Belgium, Italy and France and responded generously and without great difficulty for themselves. Much has been done, but even more must be accomplished.

Wheat and more wheat is needed overseas. In spite of the threat of famine, there has been little increase in the acreage sown to wheat in the European countries. Shortage of labor and the fact that the enemy is occupying some of the most valuable agricultural lands in Italy, Belgium and France are the reasons.

It therefore is "up to us Americans" to supply that deficit. And we can do it. Just at present there is a large surplus of potatoes in this country. The potato probably is the best substitute we have for wheat. Properly prepared, it is delicious. Fine cakes and bread can be made from potato flour, and there are a hundred and one ways of preparing the tuber that will make your family forget there is such a thing as wheat bread.

This week you will find a number of attractive potato recipes given below. Every one of them is tested. Next week the department will list recipes which will substitute fish, eggs, cheese and beans for meat. Your family will enjoy the change in diet. By preparing some of these dishes you will not only please your family, but you will be doing your share toward helping the Government keep our soldiers and our Allies well supplied with food.

POTATO TURNOVERS—Boil and put thru the ricer enough potatoes to measure a pint. Add 1 well beaten egg, 1 tablespoon of flour and season with salt. Turn on floured board, roll out and cut in circular size of saucer. Place on each a large spoonful of dry hash seasoned with onions and parsley chopped fine. This hash should be dry or bound together with thickening. Double over and pinch together like a turnover. Place on greased baking sheet and brown in hot oven. Serve with a thickened sauce made from the gravy in which the meat was cooked or with a tomato sauce.

FAMILY POTATOES—Use 6 cold or freshly boiled potatoes. Cut into quarters and put in saucepan with a pint of gravy or soup stock. Add 1 chopped onion, salt and a little red pepper. Simmer on back of stove half an hour before serving.

POTATO ROLL—Heat 1 pint of mashed potatoes and ½ cup of milk in saucepan. Add 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley, salt and a little red pepper or paprika. Stir in 4 well-beaten eggs and mix thoroly. Remove from fire and beat until light. Heat 1 tablespoon of fat in frying pan and spread the potato mixture evenly over the pan. Cook until golden brown. Roll like an omelet and serve smoking hot. Red pepper or paprika is preferable to black pepper in these potato dishes.

POTATO SOUP—One large potato. Peel, cut in small pieces, boil until quite soft in 1 pint of water. When done rub potato thru a wire sieve, return to the water in which it was boiled, add 1 pint milk, teaspoon butter, salt to taste and let come to the boiling point. Pour soup over 1 egg well beaten, stir thoroly and serve with croutons or thin crackers. This will serve three people.

POTATOES AND CHEESE—Cut some cooked mealy potatoes into slices, put them in an enameled dish, well buttered, in which they are to be served. Sprinkle over them a little salt and white pepper, grated cheese and a little milk. Put the dish in a deep tin, containing boiling water, and place in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes. Then take up and cover with a cheese puree, put back into the oven, or under the broiler to brown slightly; before serving sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley. The cheese puree is made as follows: Cut four ounces of cheese into very thin slices, put into a stewpan with a gill of milk, and stir over the fire till they melt; add a little pepper and pour over the potatoes.

POTATO PUFFS—Heat 2 cups of mashed potatoes and 1 tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, add ¾ cup of cream, 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of pepper, ½ teaspoon of sugar and the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Stir until well heated, then remove at once from the fire, cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites, place in greased muffin pans and bake in a very quick oven.

DELMONICO CREAM ROLL POTATOES—Pare potatoes and cut them into bits the size of a pea. Keep them in cold water until all are ready. For each scant pint of potatoes make a pint of white sauce, seasoning with onion juice or celery salt. Stir the potatoes into the hot sauce, turn into a well buttered agate saucepan and cook in the oven until the potatoes are tender and the sauce is absorbed, with the exception of just enough to hold the bits of potato together. Fold one part over the other as an omelet and turn onto a hot dish. The potatoes should not brown above or below. If necessary set them on the grate and cover over the pan.

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP—One quart of boiling milk, one cup of hot mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls butter or oil, one tablespoonful potato flour, half teaspoonful salt, three bay leaves (put in boiling milk before straining), half teaspoonful onion salt, one-eighth teaspoonful paprika, one canned pimento. Stir mashed potatoes into boiling milk, strain. Return to fire. Cream butter or oil and potato flour. Thicken boiling soup. Cook smooth. Stir in salt, celery salt and paprika. Cut pimento into attractive shapes and serve on top.

POTATO FLOUR SPONGE CAKE, NO. 1—Beat thoroly the yolks of 4 eggs, add 1 cup of sugar and thoroly blend, beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth and add; then beat into the mixture ½ cup of potato flour and flavor. Unless you beat the egg yolks and sugar until very light indeed, they will settle at the bottom of the loaf, causing a dark, heavy streak.

POTATO FLOUR SPONGE CAKE, No. 2—Separate 4 eggs, beat yolks light and beat into them 1 cup of sugar, then beat the whites stiff and stir into the yolks and sugar. Put one even teaspoon of baking powder into one large half-cup potato flour. Sift into eggs, sugar, etc. Stir well, flavor and bake in a quick oven same time as for any sponge cake. Make soft frosting.

SWEDISH SPONGE CAKE MADE WITH POTATO FLOUR—Four eggs, cup of sugar, ½ cup of potato flour, teaspoon of baking powder. Stir yolks of eggs and the sugar, put in first mixture, then beat the whites of the eggs stiff, mix it all together. Can use only 2 eggs if eggs and sugar are beaten till almost creamy. Bake in a rather hot oven. Don't open the oven door for the first fifteen minutes.

POTATO CORNMEAL MUFFINS—Two tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg well beaten, 1 cup milk, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup cornmeal, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix in order given. Bake forty minutes in hot oven. This makes twelve muffins.

POTATO CRUST FOR PIE—Two cups mashed potato, ½ cup corn flour, 1 cup hot milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter substitute. Mix, beat well and spread on meat or vegetable pie and bake twenty minutes. One-third cup of white cornmeal can be used if the corn flour is not available.

Potato Sausage.

ONE cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup ground nuts, fish or meat; 1 egg, well beaten; 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, salt pork, bacon or other fat.

Mix the mashed potatoes and seasoning with the ground nuts, fish or meat. Add beaten egg. Form into little cakes or sausages, roll in flour and place in greased pan with a small piece of fat or salt pork on each sausage. Bake in a fairly hot oven until brown.

Candied Sweet Potatoes.

PARTIALLY boil sweet potatoes and slice a little thicker than for frying. To each pint potatoes use 2 teaspoonfuls brown sugar, fill a baking dish with layers of potatoes sprinkled with sugar. Pour over top of each pint potatoes used 1 tablespoon dressing oil and 2 tablespoons water. Dust top with sugar and a little salt. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

Potato Hot Pot.

FOUR cups sliced potatoes, 6 onions, 1 cup canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk or water, fat. Let all cook in a deep skillet until piping hot.

For a cold day potato hot pot has no peer. It is very nutritious, and extremely moderate in price. Peel and slice 6 onions and enough potatoes to make 4 cupfuls.

Potato Omelet.

BOIL 2 medium-sized potatoes; mash, season with salt and pepper; add ½ cup milk. Stir up a tablespoonful of flour in half cup milk; add 2 eggs. Stir all together with the mashed potatoes and fry in a little bacon fat. An onion chopped up fine improves the flavor of this.

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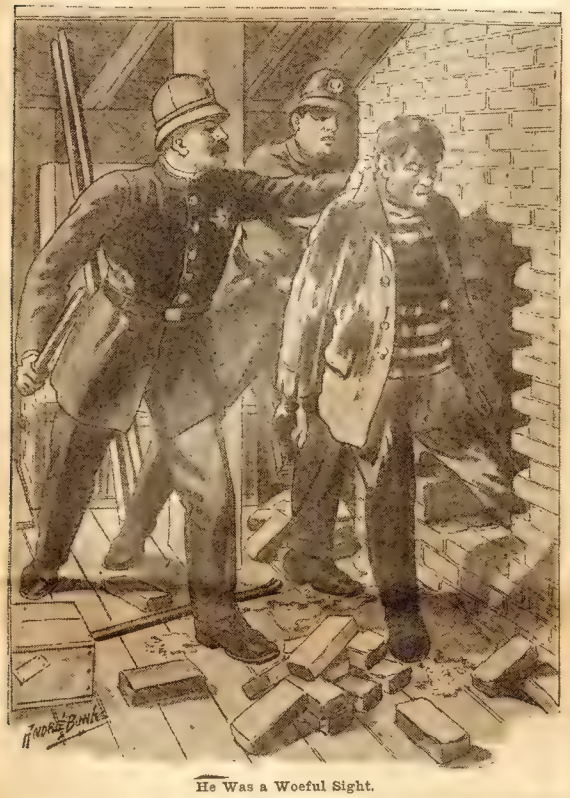
By Julian F. Darrow



He Was a Woeful Sight.

What Has Gone Before

FELIX JASPER, a retired lawyer, with a penchant for criminal investigation, finds himself the guest of his old bachelor crony, Judge Stormways. The Judge's mansion has recently been purchased from the Pangborns—a family whose wealth was shattered in a Wall street crash and whose sons long since had gone to the dogs. Jasper finds also that the Judge has adopted as his daughter and heir a girl named Janice, and this girl Jasper recalls having seen before—in the drunken company of Oscar Pangborn in a vicious quarter of New York City. Jasper is interested also in the Judge's secretary, Richard Selkirk, first, because the youth is obviously in love with Janice and, second, because he seems to be harboring a secret that worries him. During the night of his arrival a shot and a cry are heard and Jasper comes from his room to find the Judge on the stairs, gun in hand, apparently about to investigate the disturbance. Together they descend to the living-room where the Judge's collection of priceless curios is being cataloged by Janice and the Judge's secretary. Here they find the dead body of the supposed Oscar Pangborn, shot thru the heart. There is a bundle of stolen curios on the floor beside him. The murdered man is unarmed, so that the shot must have been fired by some one who either accompanied him or ran upon him in the living-room. A letter in the man's pocket indicates that he had come to the house primarily to obtain a pearl necklace belonging to his mother, which was hidden behind a loose panel in the living-room wall. Another letter, written in a feminine hand, is of such nature as to suggest that Janice could have written it, and the finding on the floor of a handkerchief belonging to Janice still further seems to implicate her. The Judge's revolver, on the other hand, shows an empty chamber, and Jasper sets himself to analyze these conflicting clews. A clew leading Jasper to believe that, after all, the Judge himself had shot the intruder, and then had tried to hide the fact for some unknown reason, leads only to negative results. Jasper finds that the Judge was in no way responsible for the murder. Incidentally, in examining Richard Selkirk, he learns the real identity of that young man, and proves that he too was innocent of the crime. Janice alone remains. A letter on the body of the murdered man, seemingly points in her direction; another letter from the brother of the murdered man, indicates that he had come to remove a necklace hidden in a secret hollow of the wall, which the brother had stolen years before, from the mother. The clews conflict. But Richard's confession about seeing Janice go down the hall during the night, makes the evidence against her almost damaging. Jasper, however, clears up the matter and proves that she too is innocent. The mystery of the death still confronts him. Before the police arrive he examines the room in which the intruder was murdered, but finds no further clews. Jasper decides to question the gardener, who is the only man servant living on the premises.

This baffling mystery story began in No 20, the Ledger dated May 18 Copies containing the previous installments may be secured from our agents, newsdealers or by mail from the office of publication.

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THE story took but a brief time in the telling. Fortunately, the chief officer did not then think it worth while to interrogate any of us but the Judge and went into the other room, accompanied by his men, the owner of the premised and myself, for I was more or less curious to see how the officious policeman would undertake to manage things.

He closely examined the body, and asked more questions, which the Judge had no hesitation in answering. The discovery of the young man's name upon the foreign letter told plainly enough who he was; and in fact the Chief declared that he recognized him as soon as he first looked at his white features.

"This is a bad job, I'm thinking," he told us, as he shook his head, and looked down at the still form lying there; "and many people around here will not be much surprised when they hear about it, because they've always said the Pangborn Twins were bound to come to violent ends, sooner or later. It looks like he meant to rob you, Judge Stormways, for, as you say, here is a package of your most valuable treasures done up and ready to be carried off. Yes, he must have had a pal along, and they fell into a dispute, with the result that Oscar was shot down like a dog. Poor boy, I knew him well. And his father was a fine man, tho too easy with his boys, we all thought. It'll well nigh kill the good mother, following on the smash-up of their fortune."

Apparently then this officer was quite content to accept what seemed to be the plain solution of the riddle, and allow the coroner's inquest to settle the question later, from any evidence that might be discovered before it sat upon the case.

I was not sorry in the least, because that gave me a chance to continue investigating on my own account; and there were still a number of things I wanted to do before I would feel satisfied in my own mind that I had quite exhausted the panel.

As a rule it is the proper thing to leave matters just as they are found until the coroner's jury has a chance to look over the field; but I hoped to spare my friend the Judge the unpleasant penalty of having that grewsome thing left under his roof for possibly twenty-four hours.

"Is it at all possible," I asked the Chief, with one of my winning smiles that in times gone by had accomplished so much for my clients at the bar, "for you to take it upon yourself to remove the body to a town undertaking establishment, from which it can be buried after the inquest? Of course the Judge will be only too glad to stand for any necessary expense involved, feeling compassion as he does for the poor parents of this misguided boy."

The Chief thought it over and then announced that he believed it was in his power to accommodate the Judge that far if we would all promise to hold ourselves ready to appear before the coroner's jury when summoned; something to which we agreed willingly.

The Chief made numerous notes in his book before ordering his men to pick up the body and carry it out to the car; but his questions were wholly confined to such things as were in plain sight. He could never guess, for instance, that Janice had once known this same Oscar Pangborn, under another name, and feared him too; or that there was another reason for the young man's visiting his old home by stealth, other than the intention to rob my friend, the Judge.

When the victim of the midnight tragedy had been carried out, all of us felt relieved. There was the terrible stain on the rug that lay upon that portion of the living-room floor, which must remain until the coroner's jury had come to view the scene of the murder; but other than that nothing was left to remind us of our fright.

Richard and I went all over the house to see what we could find; and just as we suspected, down in the basement there were two different windows open, which looked as tho the intruders had wanted to make sure of a means of escape in case they were in a hurry.

I fought a little longer to play in examining these windows, because one of the first things that caught my attention was the fact that there was a considerable accumulation of dust upon the sills, and it would seem that I stood a good chance to find the imprint of hands there.

Just as I hoped, there they were. Even Richard, altho a mere novice at such things, confessed that he could easily make them out. Just at this point I became aware of a fact that struck me as rather strange. The two windows that had been opened from the outside were not close to each other, one being in a pantry, while the other led directly into the kitchen. And the print of hands in the dust of either window ledge seemed totally dissimilar! One set looked normal, while the other betrayed a missing finger on the left hand, the one next the forefinger being absent in every case!

This was a clew that might bring great results; for I remembered no such deformity in connection with the hands of the dead man; it began to look as tho the unknown might be marked in such a way that he could not long avoid paying the penalty for his crime.

I even called Richard's attention to the fact, lest something happen later on that would make his testimony necessary, for dust may be washed from the outside sills of windows in a driving rain, and all valuable evidence lost.

We closed the windows, noticing at the same time that they were not sufficiently guarded from outside interference; indeed, the one in the pantry could have been opened by a child, and I imagined that it had served young Oscar and his wild twin brother many a time in the past, as a means of coming and going on some of their nightly raids on the farmers of the country roundabout, which knowledge he had possibly put to good use now, when he had other reasons for wanting to break into the Pangborn mansion.

Once more we joined the Judge and Janice. None of us seemed to feel like trying to sleep after what had happened. Janice, in the goodness of her heart, insisted on climbing up to the rooms of the maids, and I was pleased to see that Richard would not allow her to go all of the way alone; but said he would wait for her at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper story, while the servants dressed and came down.

Undoubtedly they must have heard us moving around, and then there was the coming of the automobile from the town; when the blue coated officers carried that covered burden from the house, with the Judge standing in the doorway holding a lamp, the spectacle must have almost frozen the blood in the veins of the frightened maids, staring from the windows above.

But Janice had them down and we all spent the balance of that dreadful night in the library as best we could, the maids cowering upon the sofa, trying to sleep; Richard talking with Janice, and the Judge conferring with me.

I took occasion to tell him some of the facts which I had discovered, and it can well be understood that he was very much surprised when I even showed him the valuable pearl necklace found back of the oil painting, where Rufus had hidden it a long time ago.

The eyes of the collector lighted up as he examined it, and he declared that it was worth a wonderful sum of money, many times its intrinsic value, for the Judge knew its history; and he told me that when I was writing to Mrs. Pangborn to inform her that it had strangely turned up where it had been hidden so long in the house, and also that he stood ready to offer her a large sum for its possession, such as might prove to be a godsend to the afflicted family in their exile.

I had already made up my mind that unless absolutely necessary I must never let that poor mother know the secret of how that necklace was lost, or under what terrible circumstances its recovery was made possible. It would be just as easy to let her believe that the necklace had fallen into a crack at the time it so strangely vanished, and was lately found by mere accident.

I waited for morning to come with more or less impatience. In the first place we were all tired of that night of shadow, and longed to see the blessed sunshine thru the trees. Then again there were several little matters that I had mapped out, which I wished to clear up; of course they had more or less connection with the solution of that dark mystery, for just then I could not think of anything else, it had made such a deep impression on my mind.

Casually I had asked the Judge about his gardener, where he had secured the man, what his references might be, and whether he had seemed a steady fellow. So far as he knew he believed the man was a good worker, honest and reliable. If it turned out otherwise he would be very much surprised. I did not mention anything about the missing finger that had marked those imprints in the dust of the window ledge so significantly, believing that it would be best not to tell all I knew or suspected.

While the girls were in the kitchen getting breakfast I sauntered out into the garden, where I quickly discovered a man hard at work, smoking his pipe with the air of one who had little or nothing on his mind.

The first thing that struck me as odd about the fellow was the fact that he wore a pair of old canvas gloves while doing his work. Now, when a gentleman attempts hard work, and is desirous of sparing his soft hands from the effects of labor with spade and hoe and rake he is justified in donning such things as gloves, but never in all my experience had I run across a regular gardener who would attempt to spare himself from calloused palms.

Suppose now that this man had the second finger of his left hand missing, might he not feel some strange desire to conceal that fact from observation? Would such a thing be apt to influence him?

I looked more closely as I approached the worker, and saw that he was rather handsome; one who might be expected to take more or less pride in his appearance, when in the society of the other sex. That circumstance made it all the

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more possible that he might persist in wearing gloves while performing his daily labor, in order to conceal the fact that he had lost one finger from his left hand!

As I approached the gardener greeted me with a cheery nod and smile, as tho he knew that I must be a guest of his employer.

"Good morning, sir!" said the gardener, taking his pipe from his mouth; and I must say that my first glance at his face created a very favorable opinion, seeming to bear out the good recommendation of the Judge to the letter; for if ever there was a frank and merry blue eye it belonged to Larry Geohegan, whose parents had come from the Ould Sod; tho there was barely a trace of the brogue in his manner of speech.

"It looks as tho you have a big job on hand, making this into a garden again, after it has lain neglected for several seasons," I remarked, glancing around at the many bushes that had lately been trimmed; sprawling grave vines and such various accompaniments told of a suburban garden long uncared for.

"It's true, sir, but I have a plenty of help when I need it, and we're getting on famously. Come back a month from now and ye would never know it could be the same place. I used to work for Mr. Pangborn and know every little shrub, as it were; which makes the work easier, so to say."

"I think the Judge told me your name was Larry Geohegan, and that your folks came from County Connaught, near Galway. Now, I happened to be all over that section of Ireland a year or so back; and some time I'm going to come out to your room and have a good long chat with you, Larry. Perhaps I even met some of your people over there."

"It would please me very much, sir, if you would be that kind and condescending," he went on to say, his eyes sparkling with pleasure; which fact made it all the more difficult for me to suspect that this man with the frank face could possibly have any connection with such a black crime as trying to rob his employer, and then in a fit of passion murdering his accomplice.

But I had set out to probe this matter and must not let my first impressions carry too great weight.

"But I am surprised, Larry," I went on, watching his face closely as I spoke, "that you seem to be utterly ignorant as to what was going on here last night!"

He looked at me perplexed.

"Sure, and I don't understand what ye mean, sir," he went on to say.

"Tell me, are you hard of hearing, Larry?" I next asked.

"Not in the least, sir."

"Then you may be a good sleeper, possibly?" I continued, and at that a smile broke out on his bronzed face.

"Tho that I reckon I'll have to plead guilty, sir; the fact is, that once I drop off I'm dead to the world; and especially after a hard day's work at this kind of thing. If it's last night you mean, sir, I do believe that I never once woke up once from 9 o'clock, until my alarm went off at 5 this morning."

He said that as if he meant every word of it, too. I already felt that I would come to like Larry Geohegan; but nevertheless I meant to pursue my plan consistently to the end, before deciding that there was no reason to suspect he had had a share in the tragedy of the preceding night.

"That accounts for it, then," I went on to say, intending to give him a sudden shock, and note the result, "and if you worked for Mr. Pangborn, Larry, it will astonish you to hear that a burglar broke into the house last night, and was most mysteriously killed by some pal, who afterwards made his escape; also that the dead man has turned out to be young Oscar Pangborn, one of the Dreadful Twins who in their younger days used to keep things lively around this part of the country!"

Larry stood there with his mouth open, and his eyes fastened on me, in a way that would indicate the greatest possible astonishment, as well as incredulity. It did not seem that any one could cover his real feelings so well, and especially a man unaccustomed to deceit, as he undoubtedly was.

"Och! his poor mother!" was what I heard him say, as if to himself; and somehow I could not but feel that it was a big, impulsive, generous Irish heart that caused him first of all to think of the one who would be apt to suffer the most from this blow.

"We were all aroused by a shot, and a cry, some time along about midnight," I continued, thinking that now I had broached the subject it was only fair to satisfy his curiosity in a measure, "and when the Judge and myself went downstairs we found a man lying stark dead in the big living-room, where some of the most valuable curios had been packed up, ready to be taken away. We sent word to the police, and they came later on in a car to make an investigation, taking the body away with them so that it could be placed on ice at an undertaker's, and kept for the coroner's jury to examine when they came to decide how the wretched boy arrived at his sad end. And if, as you say, you slept like a rock all night, then you'll probably be spared [illegible] appearing before that same jury and telling what you know about the tragedy. It is a shocking thing to have happen, and will cast a shadow over the pleasure my friend, the judge, anticipated having in the possession of his new home here at Linden Fells."

The gardener shook his head slowly.

"God help his parents, as all I can say," he went on to remark, solemnly, "They are as fine people as ever you would want to meet; and the girls do be as sweet colleens as any in all New Jersey; but the boys had a divel in 'em from the very beginning. Och! but I could tell ye of dozens of wild scrapes they took part in; and the complaints kept comin' in so fast that the old man had to send the pair abroad to get rid of them. I always feared they'd come to bad ends; and to think Oscar, as bright a lad as ye'd want to see, should be killed under the same roof that sheltered him as a laughing, fun-loving boy. 'Tis bad news ye brought me, sir; because while they were full of divilitry, them same lads were always good to me in the days agone."

While Larry was talking he had been leaning on his spade, and I took occasion to observe his left hand closely. So far as I could see the fingers of the canvas glove seemed all of them to be filled out in a natural way; but then a man who was so sensitive about letting people see that he had lost a finger would likely enough fill up the vacuum with cotton, to further carry out the deception.

"I notice that you're very careful with your hands, Larry," I went on to say, at the same time glancing down toward the canvas gloves he wore; he turned a little red in the face, possibly with confusion, tho I was a bit inclined to fear that it might be displeasure, because a stranger had taken notice of his weakness.

But he immediately looked up again, his face as full of frankness as ever as he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but 'tis not that I'm so afraid of getting my hands callousted with me work, as that I do be hating to see the dirt one; and if it looks bad to me, sure it must offend the eye of every one else."

"Why, what ails your hand, Larry, the left one, you say? Did you ever run it into a haycutter like some boys I used to know, and lose a finger?" I asked him directly.

For answer he started to draw the left glove off; and no sooner had I seen his hand than I knew the secret. It was drawn and wrinkled, and red in the bargain; but when I saw every finger was there in plain sight I knew for a certainty that this last clew of mine had not amounted to anything.

"'Twas a fire that did the same, sir, you see," the gardener remarked, as he hastily drew on the glove again. "Some tin years ago this last winter, when I was only a young fellow, I was a fireman in New York City, sir. I got caught in a trap, and was lucky only to have that one hand burnt so bad. You see, sir, I had a baby wrapped in a wet blanket in that arm, and couldn't tell how to keep my hand from the flames when I went staggering thru to the open air. I fainted after I got safe out of the place, and they said the blessed baby didn't have a mark on the same. But my mother was alive at the time, and she made me give up my job. There was a fine purse made up for me; and some time, sir, if you do care to see the same, I'd like to show you the splendid things they said on the engrossed certificate they presented me with when I left the department, telling about that same fire and how I saved a poor woman's baby girl."

Well, that ended my search in that direction, let me tell you; for I knew to a certainty I was barking up the wrong tree. I expected to find the cowardly assassin of Oscar Pangborn in the hero who would risk his own life in the effort to save a baby.

I could not resist the impulse to thrust out my hand to Larry.

"Good for you, Larry!" I told him; "shake hands with me, won't you? And let me tell you I am proud to cross palms with a brave fellow after your stripe. To be sure I'll be out and visit you the very first chance I get; because I must see that parchment you've got framed, and of which you're naturally so proud. I can also understand now, after discovering what a terrible wreck the fire made of your left hand, just why you feel so sensitive about strangers seeing it. But Larry, I want to tell you that twisted hand is a badge of courage that does you proud. And every one who knows a brave deed when they hear about it will honor you for bearing it the rest of your natural life. But I'm very glad you didn't lose a finger, with the rest of your fortunes, Larry!"

Of course, the gardener did not dream of any particular significance back of my last words. He seemed to be drawn toward me, however, for he gave my hand a bearlike squeeze that indicated a warm heart.

After chatting with him a little while longer I returned to the house, having heard a sweet-tongued Japanese wind bells give token that breakfast was ready.

It began to look as tho I was now back just where I had started; but when I came to figure things out I found that I had at least cleared the atmosphere considerably; since I now knew to a certainty that it had been no one connected with the Judge's household who had been instrumental in bringing about the tragedy. This meant in so many words that it must have been some one who was in that house for the purpose of robbery.

The fact that there had been two separate windows open in the rear basement now began to assume considerable significance to me. I started along another tack entirely, which did not have for a foundation the necessity of the two men who had entered the mansion being pals, or even knowing that each other was present, until their sudden meeting in that fatal encounter.

In other words, I figured it out that Oscar had really come to the place intent only on recovering that hidden pearl necklace, possibly meaning to dispose of it to the best advantage in order to secure ready money; also that he did not know the place had passed into possession of a new owner until he reached the room where the vast store of curio treasures was kept.

As to the other unknown party, the man with the marked left hand, he was a simon-pure burglar, who had learned in some way about the value of Judge Stormway's collection, and made this midnight visit with the intention of carrying off as much as he could take; and the meeting of these two intruders had been followed by the tragedy!

We were almost thru breakfast when there came a series of loud cries from that part of the house where the library and large living-room lay.

All of us sprang to our feet and stared, for plainly the outburst seemed to foretell another chapter in the series of thrilling events which were sweeping over the house at Linden Fells.

"It sounds like Katy!" exclaimed Janice, pale of face once more, and trembling with anticipation of new developments. "Oh! what can have happened now?"

We ran to the spot, leaving the table deserted. I was the first to arrive, with the Judge close at my heels, and Richard encouraging Janice by passing his arm thru hers.

Yes, it was Katy, the upstairs maid, and she was in the library, white of face, cowering in the depths of a large easy chair.

"The ghost—sure the house is haunted by a banshee, after that terrible crime—never ask me to clane that same room again—and don't lave me alone—the groans, the awful heart-breaking groans!"

"Where did you hear them, Katy?" I asked, trying to pacify the alarmed maid and assure her that now we had come there was no longer any need of her being afraid.

"In the living-room, sir, and oh! my knees knocked together so that I could hardly run. I sure thought it would take hold on me before I reached the door!"

Before she finished saying this I was across the threshold. One glance told me that the Judge possibly had rolled up the imported rug which bore the terrible stain, where Oscar Pangborn's life blood had left a dark spot; for it stood on end in a corner of the room, ready to be inspected later by the coroner's jury. Katy had meant to scrub the floor in that particular place, for a pail of warm water, soap and a scrubbing brush attested to the fact; but before starting at this task she must have tossed a few papers from a wastebasket upon the immense hearth and put a match to the same.

The smoke was sweeping out into the big room, and already it was difficult to see well across the same. My first act was to rush to the fireplace and stamp on the smoldering papers, so as to end this stifling infliction.

Already a wild idea had lodged in my brain, which almost staggered me. I looked down to see that there was an accumulation of soot on the hearth, which must have been dislodged from the interior of the broad-throated chimney flue.

Just then, sure enough, a dismal groan sounded, at which Katy, who had come to the connecting door between the two rooms, cried out shrilly:

"There, do ye not hear it? Oh! the ghost of that poor young man has come back to haunt this house! It is in the walls, and will never lave us alone till they do be finding his murderer! Let me be after going back to me brothers in Newark!"

The Judge and I looked at each other. His face was filled with bewilderment; but when he caught the nod which I gave him, along with a knowing smile, he brightened up.

"You've guessed the answer, Jasper, with that shrewd brain of yours. Let us into the secret, too. What theory have you evolved now? Is it really a groan, or the morning breeze sighing thru some knot-hole in the wall?"

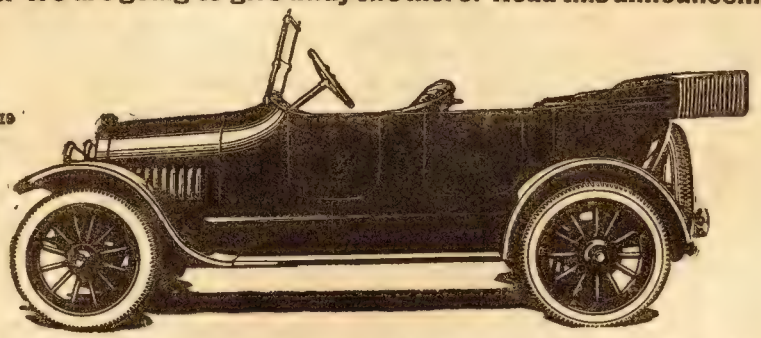
I beckoned to him to approach closer, and pointed to the fireplace; then followed up the outline of the wide chim-

(Continued on Page 22)

100 AUTOS GIVEN AWAY

During the past three years we have given away over 100 Automobiles. We are going to give away two more. Read this announcement.

First Grand Prize
Buick
Value $895



All Of These Automobiles Were Given To Our 100 Satisfied Car Owners Without One Cent Of Cost

No special requirements are necessary. Some of our past winners were actually surprised at their success. Certainly you want a fine motor car and you don't need to go any longer without one either. In the past two years we've awarded over 100 cars to persons who had longed for the joy that's now theirs. We want more subscribers so we're going to start this big auto contest. The $895.00 latest model Buick touring car and a latest model Ford touring car are going to the winners of the first and second prizes. Both cars are brand new. You might as well be driving this splendid Buick with its powerful valve-in-head motor. Don't wait any longer. Here's a wide-open chance for you. Don't let this liberal offer get past. After you once get started you'll find the contest chuck full of interest all the time. Get in ahead of all others—right now. You can win highest honors and first grand prize. Just as well have a car of your own when the contest closes.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

"Was a great prize to win," writes W. H. Riche, Clarksdale, Missouri.

"The car is satisfactory. You have given me a fair and square deal," writes J. J. Orleski, 230 Sharp St., Wyoming, Penna.

"I am highly elated over the victory," says Mr. Kilman Cowell, R. R. 4, Los Angeles, Calif.

"It certainly is a beauty and works like a charm," writes John L. Schaffner, Allentown, Penn., the winner of a big Buick touring car

"I knew nothing of your establishment until I read your ad in the paper," says W. J. Yeaman, Roseland, Virginia.

"My only regret is that I could not do more for the contest," writes Miss Frances Mathews, Tyler, Ala

"I was certainly glad when the car arrived," says Floyd Angelucca, Vineland, N. J., winner of a brand new Ford touring car.

"My Buick auto has come and it is in first class shape—not a scratch on it," writes Harry Marquis, Fountain City, Ind.

"I never felt that I could afford to purchase a car outright," says W. R. Britton, Merkel, Tex

"Can't find words to express myself, only I want to thank you for your fairness in the contest," says Mrs. D. W. Loar, Beaver City, Nebr.

"Am glad to say I received the Ford touring car," writes Mrs. Jos. Coderre, New Bedford, Mass.

"Is the best reward I have ever received," writes Henry H. Fox, N. Catasauqua, Penna.

"Received the Buick touring car a few days ago," writes Miss Esther Siefer, Hamilton, Ohio

Every one of them winner of a car

Everyone Rewarded

This contest will be conducted to get more subscribers to the Household magazine and the Missouri Valley Farmer. This splendid national family magazine, the Household, and the Missouri Valley Farmer are both published once a month. Subscription price is 25 cents a year each. Subscriptions are worth a certain number of points according to the period of the subscription. The contest closes September 28, 1918. If you send us subscriptions by the closing date earning the most points, you get the Buick. The contestant with the second largest number of points will get the Ford. There are also twenty-eight other valuable prizes which will be awarded, making thirty in all. The contestants who do not win a prize, will be paid a liberal commission. You don't need to be a subscriber to either paper. Anyone may enter. It is open to all. There is no limit to your territory. You can work wherever you choose. Under our plan every contestant will positively be rewarded. YOU CAN'T LOSE.

A Fair Deal to All

And remember, you have the guarantee of the Capper Publications, the greatest publishing house in the West, that their unyielding policy of absolute honesty and a fair deal to all, must prevail. Every single promise made you in this great offer, means just what it says. We guarantee the cars to be exactly as described and illustrated. Further, no employe of the Capper Publications can enter. Each contestant will win on his own merits. In case of a tie for any prize, each contestant so tying, will receive the full reward so tied for.

Now's the Time to Enter

The contest will soon be started. Why not lead the list from the start? Make up your mind that you'll be "first on the job"—that you will be winner of the fine Buick. Don't stand back and let someone else get this big, beautiful car. Why should you anyway? You can win it if you try. Our big, colored, illustrated circular will make the whole proposition as plain as day. We want to explain everything to your entire satisfaction so that you can choose for your own good. But there isn't a better time than right now to take complete advantage of our liberal offer. Ask us about it today—now, because you too, can be a happy auto owner.

30 Grand Prizes

1. Five-passenger Buick.
2. Ford touring car.
3. Piano or $200 check.
4. $100 Victrola.
5. 17-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
6. 17-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
7. 15-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
8. 15-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
9. 59-Piece Chest Silver.
10. 59-Piece Chest Silver.
11. 7-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
12. 7-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
13. 7-Jewel Gold Watch (20-yr. case).
14. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
15. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
16. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
17. 26-Piece Chest Community Silver.
18. 26-Piece Chest Community Silver.
19. 26-Piece Chest Community Silver.
20. 42-Piece Dinner Set.
21. 42-Piece Dinner Set.
22. 42-Piece Dinner Set.
23. Gillette Razor or Lady's Hand-bag.
24. Gillette Razor or Lady's Hand-bag.
25. Gillette Razor or Lady's Hand-bag.
26. 31-Piece Dinner Set.
27. 31-Piece Dinner Set.
28. 31-Piece Dinner Set.
29. $5.00 Cash.
30. $2.50 Cash.

NOTE: The watches offered as 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, 12th and 13th prizes, will all contain either Elgin or Waltham movements.

If You Really Want A Car

You can take the first step today. Scores of others are now driving big roomy autos which did not cost them a single dollar. You too, can be doing this. But don't wait. Don't go without a car any longer. It isn't necessary and really uncalled for. A request for information regarding our great big liberal offer, will not obligate you in any way. So mail the coupon NOW and be the next to win.

Mail Coupon Today

It costs you nothing to get detailed information regarding the contest. Sending in the coupon will not obligate you in any way. Simply fill in the coupon with your name and address today and either paste it on a postcard or enclose it in an envelope—then mail it to us. You then receive complete literature explaining how easily you can become the owner of a brand new car, **freight prepaid to your town.**

SECOND GRAND PRIZE
Latest Model

$450

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Gentlemen:—Send me (without obligation on my part) full particulars regarding your big automobile contest.

Name .....

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By Whose Hand?

(Continued From Page 20.)

ney as seen in the wall, the most of it lay outside.

Even as I did so there came to our ears the plain unmistakable sound of a sneeze! It undoubtedly welled out from that gaping fireplace. A second, and then a third sneeze followed. The Judge's face was indeed a sight by now.

"Up the chimney flue?" he articulated. I nodded my head encouragingly.

"A man hidden there?" he went on, taking the second step in giving the solution of the problem.

"Stuck there, rather, unable to get up or down, and nearly choked by the fumes of those burning papers Katy threw on the hearth to destroy!" I told him.

"But—what man? Jasper, do you mean to tell me that it can be him?" burst from the Judge, who could evidently hardly believe his senses, on account of the remarkable aspect of the case, and its conclusion

"I honestly believe that it is the unknown assassin, Judge," I went on to say, resolutely. "He was in here gathering his loot when he heard a suspicious sound, and doubtless concealed himself behind a chair. Then came Oscar, meaning to secure the hidden necklace. At sight of all this wonderful collection of yours he must have been tremendously astonished, and went around examining the various articles, while that fellow was crouching there, only thinking that Oscar belonged to the house, and was searching for him. Then, as they came face to face, he must have fired, meaning perhaps to only wound the other; but when the boy shrieked out the sound so dazed the assassin that he lost his head. Why he should crawl up the chimney flue I cannot imagine, except that it seemed to offer a way of escape; or else he did not want to desert so promising a field. He pushed his way up in there, and must have been within hearing of all that has taken place in this room, meaning to escape after things quieted down again; but I imagine he has become stuck fast there in the flue, and can neither go up nor down."

"That would account for the smoke all backing into the room instead of going up the chimney!" exclaimed Richard, who with Janice had also entered the apartment.

"What shall we do about it, Jasper?" queried the Judge, apparently ready to follow any advice I might advance.

"There is only one thing to do," was my reply. "Use the phone again, and tell the chief of police to come out as fast as he can, in his car; that you have the murderer trapped and ready to be taken. Also be sure and tell him to fetch a mason along, bearing tools that will be necessary in breaking into a brick chimney. That is all, Judge."

He hurried away to carry out my proposal, while Richard joined me, anxious to do anything that lay in his power. We decided that as there was always a chance of the man in the chimney working himself loose, and either ascending to the roof or dropping into the room again, we had better stand guard. The Judge unearthed an old shotgun that perhaps had been used by the Pangborn boys in their shooting expeditions, and when this was loaded Richard stood without where he could command a good view of the top of the big chimney, ready to threaten the man if he as much as showed the first sign of emerging. At the same time I remained there near the hearth with the Judge, and backed also by Larry, prepared to hurl ourselves on any object that might emerge from that wide-throated chimney.

But nothing happened, and in due time the car came bowling along, containing several blue-coated officers and a brick-mason ready for business.

The chimney was tapped and opened, and from its depths a man was dragged, half unconscious after his late choking experience. He was a woeful sight, being almost as black as a negro, and the first thing I pointed out to the Judge was that the second finger of his left hand was missing. Then we ascertained that just one chamber of the revolver he had in his pocket had been recently discharged.

It may be said in passing that he turned out to be a well-known and desperate cracksman, and that there was no difficulty in convicting him of the willful murder of young Oscar Pangborn.

The public never understood just why one of the terrible twins had taken it upon himself to enter his old home-thus secretly; but it was proven that he did not know the estate had passed into the hands of strangers, and as he was now past judging it was apparently agreed that there was no need of seeking for a motive other than that he must have wanted to possess himself of something belonging to him that he believed to be in the house. The reporters drew a merciful curtain at that point, doubtless in charity for his suffering parents abroad.

As the burglar maintained a stolid silence we never really quite understood just why he had chosen to hide in the chimney instead of fleeing in the same way he had taken to reach that part of the house. Possibly in his excitement he became confused; or else he may have thought he heard some one coming in the hall, which fact would block his flight. The one fact that interested us was that he had been led to seeking a refuge in that wide flue, and found himself trapped there.

Later on, when Richard had found a chance to discover that Janice returned his devotion, he confessed the secret of his identity to Judge Stormways, taking my advice in the matter. Nor did he make any mistake in so doing; since by that time the Judge had become very fond of his secretary, and it filled his heart with delight to realize that the daughter of his old-time sweetheart would become a Stormways, not only by adoption, but marriage as well. Besides, deep down in his generous heart my old friend had doubtless long ago bitterly regretted the quarrel which had separated him from his brother, away back in the past.

Everything seemed to come out nicely, after that night of terror. Acting on my advice the Judge wrote to Mrs. Pangborn over at her relative's home in England, simply telling her that her long-lost pearl necklace had turned up in a queer way, after having been hidden all these years; and that as it possessed a value to a collector like himself many times beyond its intrinsic worth, he would take pleasure in paying her a certain large sum if she cared to dispose of it. Of course the lady immediately closed with his offer. Possibly she may have had some suspicion that its finding had to do with the strange death of Oscar, but no questions were asked, and that part of the mysterious affair at Linden Fells was never explained.

As I write there lies on my table an invitation to spend a week with the Judge, and be present at the festivities that will mark the marriage of his adopted daughter, Janice, to his dearly-loved nephew, Richard Arden Stormways; which, needless to say, I intend to accept.

The End.

Pick Your Wife by Her Hands.

ARE you looking for a wife? Well, boys, this is the way to select a good one. Don't look at her face or her figure as you have been prone to do in the past. Just look at her hands. If you are looking for a womanly woman, then search for the girl whose fingers are very long and smooth and the tips of these same fingers inclined to be square. She should at the same time possess a long, rather slender thumb, not too broad at the tip. She is the one to whom you can tell your secrets, knowing that they are safe. You can always go to her for sympathy and understanding, and she will comfort you and send you back to the world with a smile on your lips and hope in your heart. A wife of her type is the best friend a man can make in this world.

Unless you are a good prevaricator, look out for the girl whose fingers are of medium length, tapering gradually toward a narrow tip. She is fond of romance. If you tell her you love her a million times a day, she won't care a snap about the size of your income. By all means, if you have an imagination, use it when this girl becomes your wife. Tell her all the fairy stories you can invent, and as long as they deal with your real or pretended emotions toward her, she will listen with the greatest attention, and believe you.

Then there is the common-sense type that does not differ much from the first. Her fingers are usually square tipped, rather long, and the knuckles are somewhat prominent. Common sense is this woman's watchword, and her word of honor her second. She to makes a good wife, but demands that you treat her as an equal. Her mind is usually well balanced and she has good judgment. Constant, practical, sensible and homelike, this woman proves her worth in the end.

Finally, there is the tiny-handed girl with a small thumb—a little piece of softness which makes your heart go pit-ter-patter when you hold it. But beware! She's the kind that will want you to be doing something for her all her life, and will never be satisfied with what you can give her. She's the clinging vine type that will make you hustle for all you're worth, but thinks it's an imposition if she has to wash out a handkerchief.

Small thumbed women and sometimes small handed women, show cleverness, but it is more than likely to be of the tricky kind. It is put on or bluffed, for small handed people, both men and women, make good actors, being clever at mimicry and counterfeiting emotions.

An Unfortunate Guy.

MAJ. FREDERICK PALMER, press censor and novelist, said at a dinner:

"I am astonished at the high prices which prevail here in America. In England and France the high prices are understandable. They are caused by the submarine. Here their chief cause seems to be the profiteer.

"I was lunching with a friend of mine the other day when his wife laid before him the bills for the week's marketing. He looked the bills over with a wry face Then he said:

"'Why do they call a guy like me a consumer, Palmer? All I do is to produce.'"

The Proudest Mother in the Land

"The proudest mother in the land" is the way Mrs. Katherine O'Brien of New York City styles herself in a letter to a daughter living in Cleveland. For the benefit of other mothers the letter is printed in full. It is a striking example of the patriotism and heroism of the American mother of today, for Mrs. O'Brien has sent five sons and one daughter to France. Two sons have been killed in action and her daughter lost a hand while serving as a Red Cross nurse. Another daughter is in training as a nurse and it is to the third that the letter is addressed.

—

MY DARLING DAUGHTER: Just wired your sister and you of your brother Thomas' death, which I know will undoubtedly upset you a great deal. But, my dear, you must not let it worry you. Just think as I do: it was the will of our Father in Heaven, and that our cause is a noble one and that we cannot give too much. Where we love and live we must be willing to sacrifice in all that we can.

My dear, the loss of Larry was hard for me, as he was the first to go, and in less than four months to lose our other boy is a great deal. But I have only one regret—that I have not more sons to give.

Paul went down this afternoon to enlist. I did not want him to go just now, as he is too young, but I pray for him and ask the Lord to give me strength to go to him and say, "My son, I want you to go and do just as your mother has done and, if God wills, give every drop of blood for a cause that I will feel proud of."

My dear, I do not want you to wait any longer, but go and do your duty, as they need you over there for the sake of your three other brothers and the one to go. Also think of your husband, for you may be able to see them all.

If it were possible for me to give a helping hand at the cost of my life I would do so. We give all our time to the Red Cross, hardly take time to eat. And I know that you are doing your share. You say you are working, and I hope with what you earn and can spare you are buying bonds

You say you just got your third one. That is not enough. When you answer this letter write and say you got the extra one and say you also are on your way over there to help those you can. Florence is taking a short course at Roosevelt Hospital and will go over as soon as she can.

Understand me, daughter! Do your bit in everything. Let nothing go by you where you are not a helper in. I do not want you to grieve over your brothers, but be thankful you have had so many to give. Also think of the sister you have over there. At what a price she is there!

So do not let your mother—old and gray—plead with you to go if you are able, but go! Oh, God grant that you, too, will be able to get your heart and soul into this, and have me be the proudest mother in this land of all lands.

We are sad now but in my heart I am more than glad to know my lads are the bravest boys in New York.

Be like your mother. Do give and sacrifice all that is in you. Be a bright and sweet girl, and do your best. Do not worry over it, but buy another bond, and do it now.

Father had an operation Tuesday, and we have not told him of Thomas' death. With love and sincere wishes,

Your loving,
MOTHER.

A Close Shave.

TWO soldiers—an Irishman and an Englishman—having met in Flanders, began to talk of the hairbreadth escapes they had in battle.

"Well," said the Englishman, "one day in the height of an engagement a shell took the hair off my head. Now, what do you think of that for a haircut?"

"Sure," said Pat, "when I was in a battle, a bullet from one of them Maxims whizzed by me and took every hair off my face. What do you think of that for a close shave?"

No Wonder.

THERE was an air of trouble and excitement when the portly politician rushed into the newspaper office and howled a demand to see the city editor. Ushered into the presence of that austere person he began:

"How dare you insult me as you did in your paper last night?"

"Why, what do you mean? I printed your resignation just as you requested, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you headed it 'Public Improvement.'"

Nuxated Iron To Help Make Healthier Women and Stronger Sturdier Men

Say These City Physicians—By Enriching the Blood and Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells It Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

SINCE the discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm, it is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen

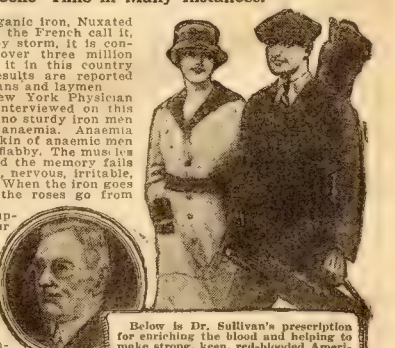
Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject said: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by physicians formerly connected with well known hospitals thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.



Below is Dr. Sullivan's prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.

A Hero With a Past

"ARE you the chief of police?" Police Captain Arkwright, in charge of headquarters, had just tilted back his chair against the wall for a little siesta, as is the custom of police captains the world over during the languid afternoons when the morning's grist of police business has been worked over and there is nothing to do but sit around waiting for things to pick up. At so flattering an inquiry, however, he opened wide his eyes, and brought his chair down to the floor. In the doorway of his office stood a little, aged woman. Her dress, her bearing, proclaimed her to be from a small town.

The captain cleared his throat. He could not quite bring himself to deny the implied chieftancy. "Ahem-um, I'm in charge here, madam," he rumbled. "What can I do for you?"

The little woman advanced timidly across the threshold. Captain Arkwright waved her to a chair. She sat down gingerly upon the edge and opened a worn leather handbag. For a moment she fumbled in its depths, then she brought out a worn newspaper clipping.

"It's about my son," she said, still holding on to the clipping. Inwardly the captain groaned. "Same old story," said he to himself. "Her son has been pinched and she wants me to get him out." But not even many years of police work, with its hardening of human sympathies, had quite succeeded in killing those things in the captain's breast and he merely nodded and said: "Go ahead."

"The paper says he is dead," went on the woman. "He was a good boy, Orville was, but reckless. He didn't like living in a small place and he was always talking about the big city and what he could do if he went there. I knew he didn't want to leave me, yet I hated to see him dissatisfied, so I didn't say much one way or the other. And one day he left. That was six years ago. First we heard from him in one place and then in the other. He never was very good on the writing game and finally he got out of the habit of writing home altogether. We didn't know where he was, but I knew that wherever he was and whatever he was doing he was a good boy and I figured that in his own good time the Lord would bring him home again. He must have been pretty busy and then maybe he wasn't doing so well and he didn't want to let us know until he was a success.

"Then the United States got into the war. I figured it out that Orville must have got into it somewhere. He comes of fighting stock and he was all American and I just knew down in my heart he wouldn't stay out when the other boys were going. But still I didn't hear anything until the other day one of the neighbors was reading the city papers and she found a story about him." She handed the clipping over to the captain

It was captioned, "One of Our Heroes," and painstakingly the captain read it thru. It told how German shock troops had been thrown in the night against the American trenches and how the attack had been broken up only because a handful of Americans had manned a machine gun with desperate heroism. Finally all the Americans had been killed except one, the corporal in charge of the squad. For four hours he held on, working the machine gun alone and pouring shot after shot into the Germans until they had been beaten off by a counter attack. When the rescuers arrived the corporal was lying on the ground beside his gun, wounded in half a dozen places. He had died as they were taking him into a hospital. And that corporal had been Orville. He had given his right name when he enlisted, but he had not given his next of kin, so that no official notification of his death had reached his mother

"Say, that was great," ejaculated the captain. "He was a hero, all right, and you have a right to hold up your head with any mother in the land."

"Yes," said Orville's mother, simply. "I am proud of my boy. I knew he would do his duty and do rightwherever he might be and I don't begrudge to my country the life I brought into the world. But the paper says he was from this city. I've come here thinking I might find out where he had lived and perhaps get some of his things to take home and maybe I could meet some of his friends and talk to them about him. And maybe one of them would have a picture of him they would give me. We haven't any except those taken when he was a boy and I would so like to have one taken later. They told me the police are good at locating people for relatives, so that is why I have come here. The city is so big it frightens me and I wouldn't know where to start. Maybe you could find where he lived and——"

She paused expectantly.

"I think perhaps the paper was mistaken about his being from here," said

Alone, He Maintained This Key Position for Four Hours.

the captain, slowly. "The department has been in close touch with the military authorities and we have the names of all the boys who enlisted from here. I don't recall seeing your boy's name."

Patiently the woman pointed out that in a big city so many boys had enlisted that the captain might have seen Orville's name and not remembered it.

"I'll make sure," said the captain and turned to the telephone. He turned his back on his caller as he placed his lips to the mouthpiece. Concealed from her, a stubby thumb held down the hook so that no connection was made. "Give me Hayes," he barked as if to the police telephone operator. Then after a pause: "That you, Hayes? This is Captain Arkwright. I wish you would look up our enlistment records and other records of the boys who are in the Army and look in the city directory and see if you can find the name of a man named Orville Blank. I'll hold the wire."

As he waited for several minutes he hummed snatches of a little song or exchanged trivial talk with the patiently waiting woman. Both seemed to avoid the subject closest to their thoughts. Then the captain turned to the telephone again. "Yes?" he spoke into the mouthpiece. "Oh, all right, Hayes. Thank you." He slammed the receiver back on the hook and turned to the woman. She was leaning forward with tense, expectant face; her eyes were glued upon his

"Just as I thought, madam," said the captain, gruffly. "Your son didn't enlist here and hadn't lived here in the last six years. Probably he was from some other town in the State. Those newspaper reporters are always getting things balled up. I'm sorry but it doesn't look as if we could help you."

He arose to extend a helping hand as she slowly came to her feet. Gone was the look of expectancy. It had been replaced by one of grief and despair.

"I guess—I guess—there ain't no use looking any further," she said. "If you find out anything you'll let me know, won't you?" The captain nodded and she went on: "I had banked a great deal somehow on getting some of Orville's things, some of his personal belongings that he might have left here, but——" Suddenly her head went back, her chin up and her face once more took on a look of pride. "Anyhow I know he died a hero and that he was a good boy and what more could a mother ask?"

As the door closed behind her Captain Arkwright mopped a sweat-bedecked brow and went out to seek the Bertillion room, the room that houses the thousands of pictures and records of the rogues' gallery

"Hayes," said he, "Give me all the pictures and data you have on Orville Blank. You remember him? We've had him in here half a dozen times in the last year or two."

"Yes, I know him," said Hayes, bruskly. "Bad egg, too. Give him a little more rope and that fellow could cause us a lot of trouble. Funny how when one of them country boys goes wrong he takes the road to h—l at a run, ain't it?" Poking a finger expertly among the files, he drew out a picture and an envelope of data and passed them over to his superior.

For a moment Captain Arkwright stood staring into space, then his eyes shifted to the picture he held in his hand. It was that of a good looking youth, with curly hair and big eyes, but a weak—very weak—mouth. Then he slowly took it in his strong fingers and tore it and the envelope of data into fine pieces and dropped them in the wastebasket.

* * *

Perhaps.

"HAVE you been following this trial?"

"Yes."

"Is the defendant as beautiful as they say?"

"Well, she is beautiful enough to be acquitted. If you mean to ask if she is beautiful enough for vaudeville, I dunno."

Deafness Specialist's Announcement.

Your attention is asked to Deafness Specialist Sproule's kind invitation, which appears on page 32 of this issue. This great Specialist has devoted a lifetime of research and successful practice to the subject of Deafness. If any reader is handicapped by Deafness or Head Noises, these most terrible of afflictions, he should write at once to Deafness Specialist Sproule of 306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass., and secure a Free Deafness or Head Noises Treatment. ***

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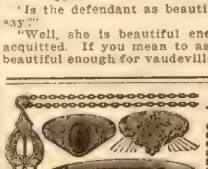

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WHEN ANNIE SHOWED HIM

By Flora A. Monty

There are many Annies in the world, but few of them have the courage to put their husbands to the test as did this woman with a past she couldn't forget.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

ANNIE NEWMAN hated her husband. She hated him with the bitter intensity that smoldered long before bursting into flame that can be fought. She cherished her hatred so that to her it was a vicious delight to touch him, as he slumbered in the night, and then shiver and shrivel with the searing abhorrence the touch inspired.

Justis Newman, blind in his kindly stupid content, lived his placid, monotonous life in calm oblivion to the havoc that was imminent, and read not Annie's soul.

Annie was shrewd, and a dissembler. Each morning found her putting breakfast on the table with a smile, and now and then she chattered gayly. Justis never knew the smile was set. He never probed beneath her lightsome banter. So Annie hated on.

Summer had worn itself out. Autumn was sneaking in—not the glorious, crisp, and riotous season of the hills, but the insidious, dispiriting autumn of the endless prairie—devoid of aught but dried and yellow stubble to mark the passing of life that had glowed green and transient.

Along toward the close of a gray afternoon, Justis drove into the yard with a wagon load of grain, sacked and ready for delivery. Clambering down from the high seat, he hurried to the kitchen, his kind eyes agleam with pleasant hope.

"Goin' right to town, Annie," he announced as he poured some water into a tin basin.

Annie paused, rigid and alert.

"[illegible]" she asked incredulously.

"[illegible]" splashing noisily in his [illegible]. The mistrust in her voice was scarcely veiled. "I seen Jim Bowers a-talkin' to you, down by the new forty." She waited tensely for his answer.

"[illegible] was the terse rejoinder [illegible] me. Likely to go down [illegible] juggling' in them there grain exchanges. I ain't goin' to take no chances. Me fer all I can get. I'll take this wheat to town tonight."

Annie made an abrupt turn, and was at her husband's side, with her arm sliding around his neck.

"Take me with you, Justis," she coaxed, trembling in her excitement. "I'll help along."

The roughened fingers of the man caught in her smooth hair as he patted it, and looked into her eyes.

"Why, girl," he admonished her tenderly. "What's come over you? You don't want to make no trip like that today."

"I do—I do!" Annie clung to him, her face pathetic in its pleading. Back of her anxiety was a sort of semi-radiance—a sincerity, hovering so near that in another moment it might break thru and weld the souls of them into understanding unity.

But Justis Newman's words [illegible] the door. "No, girl, you stay at home. The trip's too rough for you."

A sudden limpness of the figure in his arms was the only indication of her feelings. It lasted but a moment.

"Well, you better hurry. [illegible] said, freeing herself. [illegible] some supper?"

"I ain't got time to wait. I want to be gettin' there," he answered. "I'll get a snatch at Beam's, after the business is done, an' then me an' the ponies'll hustle back to you."

His wife did not reply, tho she smiled at him, her bright dissembling smile, as he clumsily hastened out the door.

She stood by the window watching him start his drive to town. "Town," in their parlance, meant Heading, sixteen miles away, where the railroad passed thru, and whither the farmers flocked to sell their stock and grain. "The corner" was nearer, just up the road a mile, and was the mute symbol of the utter loneliness of the life in that section, comprising as it did but a schoolhouse and a store.

Resentment was hot in Annie's heart, as briskly and good-humoredly Justis drove by the window and down the road. Slowly she went to the door, then crossed the cob-littered yard to the gate, where she leaned till the wagon lost itself in the dun-colored landscape.

Returning, she ran her tongue over thin, dry lips, and met a tear that had trickled unnoticed down her cheek. She stopped shortly. "Fool!" she hissed at herself. "Crying, you fool!"

"So ye be!" crackled a voice at her elbow.

The last vestige of Annie's restraint flamed away, and she faced the interlude with something like a snarl. "Can't I cry if I want to?" she shrilled.

He, he!" was the maddening response. "It do beat the wind, what some folks see in some folks. Cryin' 'bout Justis Newman goin' to town an' leavin' you alone. Real tender couple, now ain't ye?"

Annie rose on tiptoe. Her fingers clawed at her skirt until the thin calico was rent.

"You—you—Nate Haskins—you [illegible]." Her seething thoughts refused [illegible] to words. Balanced, she swayed like a leaf, then, leaning a trifle toward the hawkish face, she spat straight in the sunken eyes. She paused a moment, calmed and almost mirthful, then strolled up to the house, each step an insolent disregard of the stream of curses behind her.

Once inside the kitchen, she resumed her place by the window and watched the unwelcome caller limp away.

"Poor Nate!" she said aloud. "Poor Nate! You always had it in fer me, an I fer you."

The alarm clock on the shelf ticked loudly, tauntingly, it seemed, directly above the empty chair where Justis would have sat for supper.

"Jus-tis! Jus-tis! Jus-tis!" the ticks shrieked at her, until a sullen tremor shook her being.

"I won't have it!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I won't have it, I won't. Nobody can't be hintin' to me that I care when I—when I—I hate him!" She grimly forced back an insistent sob, and sternly she summoned her mask of indifferent scorn.

Turning, she left her post and ran upstairs and to the attic. From back in a dusty corner, she pulled a box with handles made of rope. Her lips were set as she pried off the cover, once securely fastened down. With fingers that were cold, she lifted out a package wrapped in newspaper. Giving the box a contemptuous kick, she took the package and went to her bedroom.

From within the paper folds she took a dress, scarlet and clinging and glittering. Before a small and spotted mirror she arrayed herself. Down, close to her blazing eyes, she pulled and pinned great masses of her raven hair, doing the rest in a knot, defiantly high. Upon her feet she placed satin slippers as brilliantly challenging as the gown.

Then she stepped back and surveyed herself with sarcastically critical gaze, and approved the vision she beheld. It was not Justis Newman's quiet, dependable wife who looked back at her from the mirror, but what she had been before he married her.

"He'll see!" she muttered.

Straight to the barn she went, and swiftly saddled the roan mare. Shrouding her scarlet gaudiness in an old raincoat of her husband's, she clumsily mounted the horse and set out for town. Annie was not a good rider, and the way was rough, but she kept on, every difficulty increasing her anger and her determination.

As she approached a now deserted cabin at the outskirts of Heading, her heart behaved oddly. It was not the joyous flutter aroused by the return to a loved spot of long ago. It was rather the depressing agitation that results when a sudden picture of former shame is flashed upon the memory. For this was Annie's one-time home. From this place had Justis Newman taken her to be his wife. And she had worn this same red dress.

Annie halted her horse and stared fixedly at the cabin, a little more desolate than when she had known and used it. But it was a desolation now of solitude and not that of disgrace. She recalled how Justis had blown out the lamp with the red shade—the signal lamp she kept in the north window, and how he had led her away. "There don't need to be no more of that, Annie," he had said. And now she was to show him.

A curious softness seemed to possess her. She raised her arm enveloped in the raincoat, and laid her cheek against the sleeve. A night bird twittered softly, and the air was still and sweet. "Justis!" she whispered almost happily. And memory mocked her with his words—"No, girl, you stay at home." Once more her anger jumped and flared.

She turned her horse toward town. It picked its way along quite easily thru the street that held the traffic. It nosed a place among the other horses tied before a brightly lighted room. "Beam's House" always was lighted early, for the swift descending nights of early fall made need for light and song. She fell from off her horse and tore loose a [illegible] let ruffle. Unheeding of the damage, she tied the mare and moved up to the doorstep.

Two little schoolgirls passed by, and eyed her strangely, quickening their steps, and bending their heads in sudden confidence.

A throbbing in her wrists proclaimed itself unpleasantly, and Annie sought to lessen it with pressure. Then she discovered that the raincoat still was fastened close about her, and, tearing it loose, she crossed the narrow walk, and tossed it on the saddle.

As if, with the doffing of her husband's garment, she had rid herself of all allegiance to him, Annie assumed the arrogant personality of her pre-marital days. With slow grace she sauntered to the door and entered the building. Her head was raised so high that her lowered [illegible] veiled nothing that she wished [illegible].

With a smile of faint contempt, she received the doubtful homage of the sudden stillness which greeted her entrance. Without pausing, she moved slowly, deliberately toward the door in the rear. As she passed the counter that did duty as a bar and lunching place, she inclined her head toward the man in charge.

"Well, Jim," she drawled. "I'm here!"

Not until the door was closed behind her, did a single person speak. Astonishment was rife.

"H—ll!" exploded Beam. "Here's Annie back!"

At the words, a snaky looking man uncurled himself from a chair in the corner, and slipped over to the door. "Guess I'll go in," he ventured, with a malignant smile.

"Go easy, Tony," warned Beam, uneasily. "Justis Newman's liable to drop in here any minute. He's in town."

A mirthless grin exposed Tony's yellow fangs. "H—ll!" he responded. "Ain't Annie here?" So he went in.

The room he entered was small, but gay and appealing. A few tables and cushioned chairs enhanced the idea of privacy. Curtains and drapes of red stimulated the sight and created the feeling of cheer. The fact that the partition between this and the main room did not reach the top was forgotten, once one yielded to the comfort of the place.

Annie, lolling in the biggest of the chairs, turned her eyes upon the man who entered. Leaning lightly, with his back against the door, from his slim height he looked down upon her, nodding with ironic satisfaction.

Annie tilted her head, and from the corner of her eyes, she took his measure. What she saw there pleased her.

"Well, Annie! So you're back!" The man's under lip was pursed in a curious twist—his only betrayal of agitation.

The dark eyes met his, looked at them, thru them, beyond, as to a vision in the distance.

"Yes, Tony, here I am."

There ensued a vibrant pause. Annie flung one white arm in careless repose along the top of the chair. She studied her slippered toe, intently, ready.

The emotions that clutched the throat of Tony were extreme and varied. There was greed—the greed to have this mass of tantalizing femininity for his own again, to love with all his fierceness. There was vindictiveness that would exact an acrid toll for every acrid hour that he had known thru her. And chief of all was triumph, that the thing had turned out quite as he had hoped and cursed and waited for.

"I knew you would come back!"

"Oh, did you? Yes, now I remember. You told me that I would."

The man was moving nearer. Again his lip was pursed and twisted.

"I told you, when you turned me down for Justis—for Justis—who married you," he sneered.

"Oh—Justis!" shrugged Annie, lightly, but the words marked in her cheeks their

"Justis, Tony's Asking Me to Go With Him."

power of cutting, and the fingers of one hand pressed tight together.

"Oh, yes, he married you," the man went on. His voice was low and grating. "He married you—and here you are!"

"Come, sit down, Tony," invited the girl. "Sit down, and don't be cross."

Her companion dropped into a chair and leaned forward, nearly touching her.

"You tell me, 'Don't be cross.' You tell me that—you! You've torn out of my life every peaceful moment that I had, by going off with Justis. You've filled me up with hell, and then say, 'Don't be cross.' God, Annie, I'd like to sink my fingers clear thru that taunting throat of yours, and watch the breath ooze out," he panted, shaking.

Slowly, quietly, Annie answered him.

"Well, why don't you?" Back against the cushions she bent her head, maddeningly exposing still more of the white throat.

He watched her, fascinated, and his bitterness subsided.

"You've still your nerve, I see," he finally remarked. "Well, I give up. I'll never hurt you, for I can't. But we'll go back to the cabin, Annie."

Then in the girl roused all the things he thought were dead or dormant. Her body stiffened. Her eyes became searing flames.

"Go back to the cabin, Tony? You and me? There's just one thing that I'd go back there for." The words were sibilant and piercing. "Would you like to know what that thing is?" she hissed.

He nodded, speechless.

"Well, it's this," she snapped. "If some one was to come and tell me that your dead body was lyin' there alone, I'd go, I'd run—and when I got there, I'd look at you and laugh!"

"Yes, I'd laugh!" she repeated at his snarl. "And maybe I'd pray. I don't know. I ain't done much prayin' in the years since I knew you, but I used to once, when I was decent."

"Oh, sneer, you cur! You know that I was decent, once. You brought me here and told me that you loved me, when I was just a little girl and didn't have no folks. You told me first you'd marry me, and I believed you. And then you said your 'principles' wouldn't let you marry any one, but we would live together. 'Principles!'" Her tortured soul was crying forth its long belated protest.

"Then you'd go off and leave me all alone in that place down the road. You'd leave me there for weeks—sometimes without a crust. Well—I learned to support myself," she added harshly, "thanks to what you taught me.

"And then—then Justis Newman come, those things was changed. He treated me like I had been a lady, and he asked me to marry him."

"But you didn't love him," defended Tony.

"No, I didn't. I didn't love him, but he wanted to make me his wife. I had loved you, and you made me—what I was. The both of you had said you cared for me. Oh, you changed your tune mighty quick when Justis come along. You raved then, 'bout how you couldn't live without me—how you'd go to pieces if you didn't have my love."

"It's true, Annie," came the cry, hoarse, insistent. "I didn't realize till then how much I needed you. If you had stayed, I'd have made amends. I'd have made it up to you."

"No, Tony, no, you wouldn't. You can't make up for honor that's been murdered. You couldn't have made things up, 'cause you had killed the love I had. I didn't hate you—I despised you. I can't hate folks I don't respect. And even if I didn't love Justis Newman, at least I had a big respect for him, and so I married him."

The cringing figure to whom she had been speaking raised his head.

"But now you've left him," was the scoffing reply. "You've left him and come back."

"I'm waiting here for him," responded Annie. And as if immediate answer came from heaven, her husband stood before them, big and smiling.

"Ready, Annie?" was his gentle query. "I seen you tie the pony and come in."

The moment was at hand—the moment for which the girl had made the trip to town, and for an instant every thought within her faded, and she saw nothing but blank and endless space. Then she thrilled to an inward prompting, and with glowing eyes she faced her husband.

"Justis, Tony's askin' me to go with him."

The big man's gaze passed contemptuously over the other fellow.

"I 'spposed he was, the cussed beast."

Annie's breath caught, but she went on. "You don't know what I was goin' to do about it." Then she paused.

"Why, Annie, yes, I know," her husband answered. "You was goin' to tell him, 'No.'"

Again there was surrounding them the hint of breathless radiance that had barely touched their lives at times before.

"I was?" she said at once. "What makes you think so?"

"Because you are my wife," was the quiet rejoinder.

Now once again was imminent the danger that had spread itself between them. Annie leaned forward. Her heart was pounding madly.

"Do you mean," she asked intently, "do you mean you wouldn't let me go 'cause I'm your wife?"

Justis laughed and took her face between his hands. "Why, Annie, no. I knew you wouldn't want to go. I knew that just the minute the words was said that gave you to me, and I've known it ever since."

The horizon line of danger now receded, as the lambent glow of understanding dawned.

"Then why wouldn't you never let me come to town, if you knew it?"

"Child," the words were music to her, "I was afeared to have things happen to make you feel bad. Some folks here still remember, like—like this here cuss did. And I knew that it would hurt you."

The hate and passion and doubt had burned out of Annie's eyes, and left in their place, hope, and a hitherto unknown beauty. She searched her husband's face with breathless eagerness.

"So that's it, Justis? And you've trusted me—always?"

"Every minute, child."

"Then ask me why I come tonight," she pleaded, "dressed like this."

"Well, child, why did you come? I wish I knew."

"I had to show you, Justis. I had to show you that I'd not go back to Tony, even if I had the chance—to prove that really I could be trusted. And here you've known it all the time!" she exclaimed, wonderingly.

Then, with both her hands, Annie pulled the shaggy head down to hers, and laid her cheek closely against his, for their first perfect moment.

"Come, Justis, let's go home," she whispered.

Baldy Sits at the Trail's End

THIS is the story of a dog. The thread of it runs from the white silence of the Arctic to the horrid din of the battle front.

And its glory shines in the twenty-six stars on the "service flag" that hangs over the kennel of old Baldy in Berkeley, Cal.—Old Baldy of Nome.

Twenty-six shaggy sons of this famous Northland sled dog are today in war service for the American and Allied armies in France.

They are there because Baldy, thru battle and march and the hard testings of a harsh land, had cleansed his good red blood of the last vestige of the wolfish yellow.

If the good that men do lives after them, just so surely the courage and faithfulness of dogs persists in their sons whose destiny it is to serve men.

Baldy, of course, can't be expected to know much about such abstractions. Sufficient for him is the pat of approval—the knighthood of his kind—which he has so rightly earned.

In Alaska, love and loyalty, modifying the law of club and fang, have bred fine mettle, human and canine. The bad dog becomes the ranging outlaw; the good one quickly learns that virtue finds comforting reward about the lonely campfires after a day in the traces.

Baldy was a good one from puppyhood. Under the tutelage of his master, the renowned Scotty Allen of Alaskan sweepstake fame, he developed those sound qualities which his sons and grandsons are now devoting to the service of Americans on the battle line.

He absorbed the code of the Northmen—trail blazers and Argonauts—the code which faces peril and hardship with a grin and a stout heart. He hardened his thews and did his work without whimper. He ate his fish in gratitude, or bore his hunger without complaint. Among his own breed he loved and battled, and sang his song of content to the Northern moon.

Many times, as lead dog, he piloted Scotty Allen to victory in the gruelling Nome sweepsteaks. And more than once he saved the life of his master.

He never turned tail, and he never shirked on the trail.

And that's a great tribute in the Northland.

A man's dog—strong and proud and loyal—with perhaps a faint conception of what it has meant to devote his life to men on the glory trails of the Arctic.

Such is Baldy of Nome.

Surely, the good a dog does lives after him, and the virtues his masters develop in him are passed on thru his sons to other men, as Baldy's trail virtues have spanned from Alaska to valuable service on the American battle front.

Baldy is only an old dog who sits with dim eyes at the end of the trail and who occasionally talks to the moon of the days that were when he loved and battled and worked under borealis.

But there's many a man who might profitably make a pilgrimage to Baldy's kennel and study the stars on his service flag.

* * *

When a woman resorts to art for a youthful complexion she is only trying to make up for lost time.

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Every telephone connection requires co-operation. The slightest inattention or indifference on the part of the person who calls, or the company that makes the connection, or the person who is called results in a corresponding deficiency in service. Each is equally responsible for the success of the service.

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Accuracy in calling, promptness in answering, clear and deliberate talking, courtesy and patience on the part of both user and operator are essentials of service, and must be mutual for good service.

Efficient telephone operation is vital to the war work of this country. The army, the navy and the myriad industries contributing supplies depend on the telephone. It must be ready for instant and universal use. The millions of telephone users are inseparable parts of the Bell System, and all should patriotically contribute to the success of the service.

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Every ounce of food saved **helps win the war!** Don't let fruits and vegetables go to waste. I am going to distribute twenty thousand evaporators among my agents and friends this summer and help them to save from loss millions of pounds of food. This marvelous machine is made on a new principle, built especially for me. It's small enough for a family of two but large enough to work on a big commercial scale. You can dry fruits (dry) fruits and vegetables for your own use and for selling on the market and through dealers. The Kibler evaporator is simple in construction, and costs almost nothing to run. It preserves the flavor, so that when cooked afterwards the fruits and vegetables are as good as the fresh. No fly specks, dirt, bugs or worms, as in the sun-drying method. Can be used with any vegetables or fruit—sweet corn, peas, beans, potatoes, beets, berries, cherries, apples, peaches, pears—anything. No money tied up in jars, cans and sugar. No loss from spoilage, as so often happens in canning. Fresh food is **cheap** and **plentiful** in the summer and thousands of tons of it goes to waste. But, it is **scarce and high** in the winter. You can lay in a big supply **while it is cheap** and use it or sell it **when it is high.** The evaporator is nearly two feet high and the pans in diameter. It has a drying capacity of over 5 square feet and will dry approximately 100 pounds of material daily. Complete directions are furnished with each machine.

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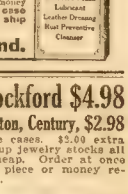

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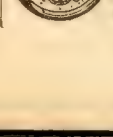

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The Spillkins Stew

By Will Gage Carey

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I.

RONALDO SPILLKINS stood upon the top of a high board fence, his head held at a calculating angle, and one foot drawn up under his body—a pose not difficult to assume or maintain; not for a yellow leghorn rooster, at any rate.

In the space inclosed by the high fence, Mr. Martin O'Toole was busy at work putting in a "war garden;" even at that very moment he was leaning over a row of young onion sets. Suddenly he straightened up, one hand grasping his hoe handle, the other spread over an aching portion of his back. He espied his neighbor's rooster—Ronaldo—and as he detected the fowl's arrogant pose and calculating gaze, his blue eyes kindled with a righteous wrath.

He removed his hand from his back, and shook it, clinched, at the yellow intruder.

"So—there yer are agin—ye feather-legged, thievin' son-of-a-leghorn la-drone!" he expostlated, fiercely. Fer two years now, I've tried to have a bit o' garden here in peace; an' fer two years ye've scratched it up faster'n the seeds could grow. Say, ye yellow highway-man—if ye want to dig, why ain't ye over in the trinches?"

Ronaldo Spillkins listened intently. He lowered his curled claws as tho momentarily pained and shocked at the words addressed him; then he nestled the foot up amongst the feathers again, and looked over and beyond Martin O'Toole as much as to say: "Oh, well; I should worry about you!"

The disdainful bearing was not lost upon the owner of the embryo war garden. He continued his vituperation shrilly:

"Mrs. Spillkins thinks a sight o' ye—darn ye—but I don't—an' no one else but her; ye haven't got any one fooled but her, hear me! Do ye know what ye are? Ye're a rough-neck—a hard-boiled porch-climber, tho not above doin' a little bit of 'out-side' work now an' thin—on my garden, fer instance. Well, I've got a little somethin' to say right here an' now, ye scratchin' fiend—if ye don't leave my garden alone this year——"

He was cut short by Ronaldo Spillkins, who, with flaunting disregard for all threats, now thrust forth his chest and crowed lustily and with a sort of lofty defiance.

For a moment Martin O'Toole stood looking at him in rather a nonplussed manner; then he added, scathingly: "Ye think ye have a swell set o' pipes, huh?"

The yellow leghorn, still haughty, and icily defiant, hopped down from the fence, and began stalking with dignified bearing toward the Spillkins domicile. Martin O'Toole walked over to the fence, and looked between the boards; then he called after the retreating fowl: "So—ye're leavin' now, are ye; well, that's yer way. Ye're a sinner—an ye're 'hard-boiled'—they ain't no other way to say it! Ye make yer calls when no one's home."

He returned to his hoeing, but his thoughts still centered around the yellow menace.

"I hope that Ronaldo bird shows up here tomorrow mornin'," he reflected. "I've a plan worth givin' a try-out; I'll show him the time o' his life—a little neighborly 'treat' he'll enjoy."

II.

IN HER own particular sphere, Mrs. Harrington Spillkins was a recognized power. Physically, she was large, robust, majestic; mentally, she was forceful and dominant. She would have made a wonderful suffragette, only her life's endeavor had been given over to an earlier form of emancipation—the cause of temperance. She was president and head of the Summerville Temperance Society; and not only the head, but the balance of the corporate body as well; in short, she was the Society. Of course, there were other workers for the cause in Summerville; but, in comparison, they were mere satellites, only occasionally visible.

Mrs. Spillkins kept a few chickens; not many, but very select. Her flock was headed by the rather self-satisfied rooster which she had named "Ronaldo," and of which she was fond to a degree such as one of her rather stern nature would permit. She liked Ronaldo because he had such an air about him; in fact, he seemed so thoroly a gentleman at all times, and under all conditions. Tho he was a trifle blase, perhaps, in his attitude toward the world in general, she attributed this to the dictates of a lofty nature; so he got by with it.

One morning, Mrs. Spillkins sat upon her front veranda, busily engaged in getting out a quantity of literature, tracts and pamphlets. She worked diligently, for she was expecting a caller soon, and would then be interrupted. The visitor she expected was none other than Mr. J. Chesterson McQuaddy—the National Something-or-other of the Society—and the one individual in the whole universe with whom Mrs. Spillkins stood in something akin to awe.

The breath of spring was in the air. From the woods came the delicate scent of flowers, and the twitter of birds already busily concerned about securing apartments. From the fields came the faint smell of newly-turned earth, and the raucous call of crows.

He Staggered Straight Into the Startled Presence of Mrs. Spillkins and Her Caller!

Yes, it was springtime, the time of tender young shoots and budding sprouts; and tho Mrs. Harrington Spillkins seemed not to be giving the matter much particular thought, there was one who did—the yellow leghorn, Ronaldo. It was evident he had been thinking of young, green, growing things in general, and Martin O'Toole's war garden in particular; and toward the latter, with haughty stride, he began making his way.

O'Toole was in his garden.

This caused Ronaldo a pang of disappointment at first, which in turn gave way to mingled emotions of wonderment, hope, doubt and distrust. Martin O'Toole, acting quite differently than ever before, seemed genuinely glad to see the leghorn visitor. He had a little green box under his arm, from which he seemed to be taking some sort of foodstuff, of which he earnestly invited Ronaldo to partake. The rooster did not fly upon the fence; instead, he began pacing up and down, with a trifle less hauteur than customary, his mind seemingly engaged in trying to figure out just why Martin O'Toole should—on this particular morning—be so very kind, generous and courteously hospitable. There was a mystery about it somewhere, and Ronaldo viewed the green box and the movements of Martin O'Toole with a distrust and suspicion he made no attempt to conceal.

The owner of the war garden had been expecting the leghorn for a number of mornings; now that he had arrived, he was ready to show him certain little unprecedented attentions. He had taken a pint of barley and carefully soaked each kernel in brandy. This, still moist and reeking with fumes from which any fowl belonging to the head of a certain august society, should have turned his head in instant indignation, he was now handing out in luring manner, even as the snake must have enticed Eve.

Astride of the high fence, the tempter continued his evil work, throwing down the barley directly in front of the already somewhat flabbergasted Ronaldo. For a time his efforts were vain; the leghorn seemed to look upon such manifestations of kindness, as far too sudden, still—that barley looked pretty good at that!

Presently the rooster picked up one kernel, gingerly; he held it in his beak a brief interval as tho debating, or rather, tho struggling with his better judgment. Then, with head on one side, he looked up at O'Toole as much as to say: "I'll go you jes' one if I lose!"—and down went the kernel of barley.

After a few seconds of silent introspection, Ronaldo concluded that particular barley was the very best he ever had encountered. He ate another—and another—then went after it, all caution thrown to the winds. He worked fast and furiously, picking up every stray kernel, stopping only now and then to utter a hoarse "c-r-a-w-k!" as tho asking forgiveness of the kind-hearted man up there upon the fence for certain early suspicions and evidence of distrust.

With the resumption of the last brandy-soaked remnant, the metamorphosis began.

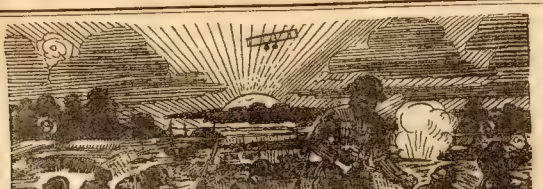
Ronaldo's grave and sedate bearing gave way to a demeanor of hilarious irresponsibility, which verged by rapid stages to a condition of absolute flippant disregard for all things seemly and conventional. He hopped about in meaningless gyrations, he staggered to and fro, and endeavored persistently to stand upon his head—that proud head which ever before had been held so high—and he gave the impression not only that he had strayed from the straight and narrow path of sanctity, but that he was mighty glad of it as well!

Finally, he endeavored to fly up and join the kind-hearted gentleman upon the fence. The effort was futile; he landed in a dishevelled heap.

"Go on! Git away from here—ye disrepu'ble old soak, ye!" Martin O'Toole shouted at him, and Ronaldo Spillkins—a distressingly dismal-looking, but still gayly hilarious, replica of his former self—went staggering and swaying up the path to the Spillkins home.

III.

IT WAS during the interval of Ronaldo's visit to Martin O'Toole that Mr. J. Chesterson McQuaddy called to see Mrs. Spillkins. For a time they chatted there in the balmy spring breeze of the veranda, then the hostess suggested a walk thru the grounds to view the shrub-



OVER THE TOP

Snap—Vim—Vigor—Energy—Bravery—and nerves of steel are required to go "over the top" on the fighting front. Good red blood and an active liver are needed to face the enemy. Not only is this true of the soldiers at the front, but our folks must have energy to fight the battle of life, right here at home. It is not on the battlefields alone that this war is being fought. It is waged in the factory, in the workshop, on the farm, and in the home, as truly as in the trenches. The pale-cheeked woman at home, as well as the workman in the shop, feels that lack of snap and energy which rich-red blood should bring. They both need iron in their blood.

The blood lacks tone—perhaps the red-blood corpuscles are lacking. If one lacks the energy to walk in the open, to or from work, if he or she feels enervated, lax, limp, worn out before the day is half done, it's time to take a blood-maker and tonic—a tablet which has just the right combination of iron and herbal extracts to bring "pep" vim, vitality and vigor to you. This latest product, which the best science and skill could evolve, called "Iron-tic," is the result of the experiments of a dozen medical men associated with Dr. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, in Buffalo, N. Y. If you want to try these "Irontic" tablets, send 10 cents to the above address for trial package, but almost every druggist can sell you Dr. Pierce's Irontic Tablets at sixty cents a vial. They make pure rich-red blood. Start today.

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bery and the budding and blossoming flowers. The course of inspection took them around to the side of the stately residence, and directly out of the course taken by a certain tipsy, homeward bound yellow leghorn rooster—a fact noted with no little disappointment by a Celtic gentleman perched high upon a nearby fence inclosing a war garden.

On up the path went Ronaldo, becoming more disreputable in appearance and general bearing each moment. He reached the front of the house without being seen by his owner, he rounded a corner of the house, and Martin O'Toole began to feel that all his well-planned and executed strategy had gone for naught. But at the far side of the house Ronaldo came to an open window thru which he promptly fell into the cellar.

He was in far too great a state of disquietude to remain there long, however; he found a side exit, and began staggering up a stairway, straight into the startled presence of Mrs. Spillkins and her caller! The fowl, tipsy and noisy, cavorted dizzily around them.

This circumstance, Martin O'Toole, from the distance, viewed with a paroxysm of hilarity that nearly unseated him from his position. He saw the yellow rooster come staggering straight to the feet of the horrified Mrs. Spillkins; he saw her throw up her hands and cry out shrilly:

"Ronaldo! What—what can be the matter with you!

The breeze coming his way, he could even hear the caller's icy tones of response: "The fowl, madam, is in a state of driveling, maudlin, disgusting—intoxication!"

"But—but he came up out of my cellar ——"

"Precisely, madam," answered Mr. McQuaddy, "from your cellar!"

With that he turned and walked away, very stiff and upright. Mrs. Spillkins gave the dissolute and groveling Ronaldo a kick which landed him into the budding sprouts of a syringa bush; then, looking neither to the right nor left, she marched up the steps of the veranda and into the house

IV

HIGH on the fence, Martin O'Toole began some rapid calculations.

For two weeks now, the leghorn had been giving mainly of his garden; if, while the fowl was in bad repute, he could purchase him for a small sum, he felt that he might yet break about even on the whole business. He jumped off the fence and started up the fence toward the Spillkins house.

As he neared the veranda, Mrs. Spillkins came forth. Her manner was one of grim determination; still, her eyes looked as tho she had recently given way to tears not wont to flow except at rare intervals.

She saw Martin O'Toole. Without waiting to learn his mission she began, fervidly:

"Mr. O'Toole——"

"Yis, mum."

"You know that yellow rooster of mine——"

"I do, mum; I thought mebbe I'd——"

"I want you to take him, Mr. O'Toole."

"Me?"

"Yes." Then, noting his evident reluctance she went on: "I'll pay you one dollar, Mr. O'Toole—to take him away from here—forever!"

The owner of the war garden hesitated.

"Well—what do you say?" said Mrs Spillkins.

"To please ye, mum, I'll do it," answered Martin O'Toole, finally; "but he's an ol' reprobate—an' he's a hard-boiled ol' sinner; I may yit regret my bargain!"

As tho in haste to have the painful incident over, she opened her purse at once and handed O'Toole a silver dollar He went over to the syringa and dug forth the flabby and unresisting Ronaldo.

As he started down the pathway with the yellow leghorn, the former owner, moved by unwonted feeling, entreated him:

"Mr. O'Toole—I have just one thing to ask of you; you'll be kind to him—I know you will!"

* * * * * * *

Late during the following forenoon, Mrs. Spillkins, chancing to go by the high board fence enclosing a certain war garden, espied Martin O'Toole busy at work over a row of young onion sets.

She paused long enough to put forth the query:

"Mr. O'Toole, how is my Ronaldo getting along? You'll know how to handle him, I'm sure; that why I gave him to you to take care of!"

He paused from his work and looked about him. The breeze from his kitchen brought with it the faint odor of a "stew" of a different nature entirely from that witnessed the preceding day. He hoped sincerely that Mrs. Spillkins would not catch the faint taint in the air.

And he answered her:

"As I told ye, mum—he's an' ol' reprobate; an' he's 'hard boiled;' an' thims the only words to express it!"

* * *

A Reason for Worry.

YOUNG Mrs. Wisner hung the service flag in the front window of her sun parlor and ran down several flights to see the effect from the street. Mrs. Bridges, her neighbor from across the way, ran to meet her, asking excitedly: "My dear, has your husband been drawn?"

"Not yet. This flag is for my brothers."

"Your brothers? Why, there is only one star!"

"Well, if that isn't funny! They are twins and we never think of them separately. Thank you so much! They're both gone. I'll sew another star on before luncheon. Isn't it great to have your very own in the service?

"I'm just bursting with pride and anxiety for my engineers. They've been graduated from the technology institute, you know.

"My father's family was broken up one year ago so the boys came to us—Mr. Wisner is extremely fond of them—while they were going to a technical high school. We had some experiences these months.

"You know how all youngsters like to have their tools and things in their bedrooms. Well, our boys had so much truck around that it wasn't safe to step into their room after dark, and when they began forge work, my dear, it was a fright!

"I saw them come in one afternoon, bent almost double under an unwieldy sack, and asked what they had. 'Molding sand,' said they. If you ever saw anything pervasive it was that sand. It got into the bathtub, the china closet, the sink and the coffee pot. There was grit in every meal we had for days."

"Why did you endure it?" asked the neighbor.

"My husband was as boyish as they were, and he wouldn't let me be too severe."

"You were in a hopeless minority, weren't you?"

"Usually I didn't mind, but one winter evening, after hurrying home in the chill dusk to get the boys' dinner, I found that the gas stove would not light.

"'Boys!' I called, 'come and see what ails this stove.'

"'It's just babbitt,' said Tim. 'We're very sorry, sister,' said Jim.

"'What's babbitt?' I asked, sternly.

"'In the burners,' they said. 'We were making castings of babbitt metal and the cup we used for a crucible broke. It melts at a low temperature, and we never thought the cup would be so frail.'

"'Bread and butter is all you'll get tonight,' I told them, 'and for mercy's sake, clean out these burners before breakfast!'

"Well, they were really sorry, and they volunteered to clean the living-room windows on Saturday, as a sort of penance. I thought they had repented in ashes, if not in sackcoth, when I went in there the next day, expecting to applaud the shining panes. These panes were mottled with a mackerel sky, and the sills, floor and rug were covered with impalpable white dust. I just pointed to the window in silence and Tim began to explain, with Jim's eager assistance. 'We read in the paper——' 'that whiting and water paste——' 'would polish glass ——' 'but it froze, sister.' My husband heard us and when he saw those windows he laughed so uproariously that there was nothing for me to do but join in."

"I'm glad somebody enjoyed it."

"Then they got into the electrical 'lab.' They burned out the circuit one night, just as dinner was ready, trying to fuse a wire. We ate by lamplight, the only time we ever used our white elephantest wedding present. But the worst thing was 'flooid.' If there was a hole eaten out of a coat, or the varnish was burned off their floor, or the whole flat smelled to heaven, it was 'flooid'—sulphuric acid from their batteries."

"Well, since they came thru all that and thru college, and are still able to pass the physical tests, I shouldn't think you would worry, especially as they are engineers," said Mrs. Bridges.

"It isn't the boys I'm worrying about, but I cannot sleep thinking what might happen if they should get to experimenting. There is no limit to the damage they might do to our Army!"

"Do you know what I think?" said Mrs. Bridges, warmly. "I think there ought to be some kind of service star for the long suffering women folks who brought up soldiers for Uncle Sam. I'd like to put a gilt star right in the middle of that service flag."

* * *

The Easy Way.

"WHAT you need," declared the man who had the habit of leaning over the garden wall, "is a big husky to do some spading for you. I'm big and husky and would be only too glad."

"No, thank you," responded the pretty girl on the other side of the wall, "I'd rather do all my own gardening. I have in mind one of those little hand cultivators. It has a wheel on it and runs very easily, I'm told."

"Faith is one of the most admirable of the graces," scoffed the man with the leaning habit. "An open mind and a lack of prejudice are characteristics of the noble disposition. You should realize, however, that a hand cultivator is not like a bicycle because it has a wheel attached to it. Nor is pushing a hand cultivator smooth sailing, not when it has an anchor attached to it.

"I know what you think. You think that with a hand cultivator you just go anead tripping and dancing down first one row and then the next; and then when that's done you gayly plow another straight furrow, and the first thing you know you're all done. Maybe it will be that way for you. Maybe feminine beauty and charm will tame even a hand cultivator. Perhaps it will not go two feet and no more before stalling. And very likely you will not be compelled to dig in your toes and throw your whole weight into the argument. But it's my experience that hand cultivating is like rubbing clothes up and down on an old-fashioned washboard. It's like mowing a tough lawn with a dull lawn-mower. It is like churning or shaving or any of the disagreeable things a person encounters

"Yep, like shaving! If a fellow could shave with one downward swipe on the left side and another downward swipe on the other side shaving would be as much fun as it looks in the advertisement. But it isn't. You have to take it a little at a time. Besides, there's the cost!"

"Oh, this one isn't going to cost me anything!" declared the dainty lady on the other side of the wall. "Mr. Kutmutch is going to lend me his, and he is coming over to show me how to run it every evening until I learn how."

It is a good thing that the garden wall was quite substantial, for the man with the leaning habit leaned more heavily upon it than usual.

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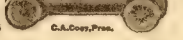

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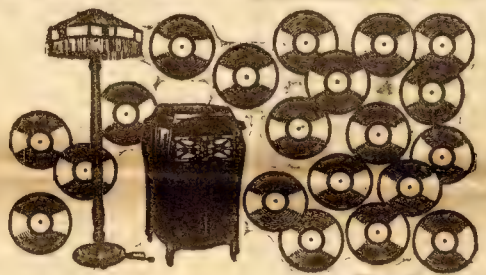

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If you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which will know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

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500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Blood of Montezuma

(Continued From Page 13.)

"we want to talk freely of this matter. We want to understand each other. When we understand we shall be able to act intelligently, and, my word for it, I'll do all I can for you. My respect and sympathy are yours."

"What we want," said the plump man, "is the red stone."

"Come to my house and my room. We can talk there."

"Have you," asked Crispo Bayer sourly, "arranged to have your servants assassinate us?"

"The idea is unworthy of you. I trusted myself here with you. Are you less brave and far-seeing?"

"Lead the way," said the plump man, impatiently waving his hand. "Go! We follow."

It was a strange procession that marched to the mansion. Dolores led, Windham came next, coolly turning his back on his enemies, and the Brethren followed. It had been arranged that the servants should be out of the way, and nobody crossed their path as they went to the upper floor.

"I recognize all of you," said Windham, looking at them for the first time in good light. "You," addressing the plump man, "are Francisco Ulloa, and your tall friend is Crispo Bayer. I do not recall the name of your third Brother."

"Guido Padilla," explained its owner.

"Very good. I don't need to introduce myself. Now, pray enter the next room."

He flung open the door and all filed in. They met with an alluring odor, for the table was loaded with delicacies of food and drink.

"Here," continued Windham, "we will sit and talk, meanwhile filling our stomachs. Sit, senores, and let us begin."

Crispo turned his morose eyes upon Dolores, his brows drawn low over his sullen, barbarian eyes.

"Senora," he said, "remember that you, too, have Aztec blood, for I put you on your honor. Is the food poisoned?"

Dolores flushed with anger, but Windham met the insinuation with unruffled temper.

"Senor," he returned, "I will gladly eat from every article of food you may care to taste."

"Enough!" exclaimed Francisco, a smile breaking out on his face. "We do not fear poison—"

"Especially," interrupted Crispo, "as we carry revolvers."

He stalked forward and was the first to be seated.

"The senora," pursued the master of the house, "will waive all distinctions of rank, and herself wait upon us. It is in your honor."

Crispo's lips curled in a sneer, but he said nothing. The odor of the tasty food was in his backwoods nostrils and he wanted no trouble until he had humored his stomach. When all plates were filled and the eaters busy Windham resumed. Conducting himself as if with friends he spoke freely on outside matters, finding a fairly ready second in Francisco. Dolores, listening, was filled with wonder that her husband should be so much at ease with men she distrusted and feared so much. Her concern would have been even greater had she known that Windham, outwardly composed, expected these men to assassinate him sooner or later.

When the eating was over with and cigars and cigarettes placed, the American opened proceedings promptly.

"Now," he asked, "why do you think I have the sacred diamond?"

"Because you stole it from us," promptly replied Francisco.

"How do you know that?"

"We took it ten minutes after you were gone from the mountain vault."

"But how?"

"The Brethren were beginning to scatter to go to the twelve districts when sounds arose of fighting. We went and found the new Brother, Miguel Vasco, insensible at the foot of a tree. Another man had been seen to make off, he being the second fighter. We recalled the Brethren. All came but one man, and he who was missing was the other new Brother, Pablo Corter. Two had fought, one was killed—for Vasco soon died—and one was gone. We took alarm and again opened the vault. The sacred stone was gone!"

Francisco's voice trembled and broke, and Windham, nodding, waited briefly.

"Go on," he then directed quietly.

"We believed we understood. The dropping of Larazo Zurida's dagger had given thieves their chance. You, senor, and Vasco were partners in crime, but, outside, you two had quarreled and you felled him and ran away with the sacred stone. It was very clear."

"What did Vasco say?"

"Nothing! He never recovered his senses. His skull was crushed by the blow you gave him."

"Not so. It was crushed by a fall against a tree. Go on!"

"We acted promptly. Failing to seize you then, a part of our number followed your trail to the City of Mexico, while a part went to investigate the new Brethren at their district homes. We learned that Vasco had always been well thought of. Probably you can tell why he so suddenly turned thief. On the other hand, we found the description of Pablo Corter did not agree with your looks. We knew then that you had waylaid Pablo, murdered him, assumed his identity and come to us to steal the Blood of Montezuma, tho how you knew anything about it we didn't know."

Windham was staggered. He was credited not only with stealing the red-hued stone, but with murdering Corter and Vasco. It was piling up accusations with a vengeance, but he kept cool outwardly.

"Proceed!" he directed.

"There is no more to say. We recognized you, in the city, because we had seen you clearly in the vault. Leaving other evidence out of consideration, we know you had the gem because you were seen handling it by one of our number who looked in at a window."

"It was I who looked," said Crispo.

"We know," continued Francisco evenly, "that you retained the gem because, when your servant lay dying, he said you had it."

"It is I who heard him say it," explained Crispo.

"That is all," concluded Francisco, "but we are here to get our sacred stone."

Windham, smoking deliberately, nevertheless had an inward quaking new to him. Never before had he realized what naturally would be charged against him. A heinous theft and two murders! It was a time when iron nerves were needed, and it was well that he was of firm courage.

"You have told your story as you see matters," he replied, after a pause. "Now, hear me, hear the truth."

He told it with deliberation, smoking the while, with his hostile audience hanging upon his words as patiently as if they believed him. One thing irritated him as he talked. Francisco and Guido sat naturally, but Crispo leaned forward over-much, and with his head thrust beyond his shoulders his hawk-face and barbarian eyes tried the temper, twanged the nerves, bred thoughts of bloodshed and departed hope.

He told all, candidly explaining, and bringing matters down to present time, and told in detail. What he knew he made clear, if not convincing.

"Now," he said in conclusion, "let me sum up briefly. Traveling as an honest person should, I came upon a sick man in a shack, unconscious. In his delirium he imagined me a personal friend and asked me to deliver certain papers to you. He died, I buried him, and used the map and came to you.

"I swear that I had no motive save to do my duty by him, but when your men closed around me I saw myself in danger, and took the only way out of it. Fearing for my life if I told who I was, I let your wrong impression that I was the real Pablo go unchallenged, and so I entered the vault. Never did man act more honestly, never more in good will.

"It is perfectly clear that Miguel Vasco stole the diamond, slipped it into my pocket and then waylaid me outside to steal it from me. That he died in the fight he forced upon me was his misfortune, not my fault. I only defended myself."

"We don't care," interrupted Crispo rudely, "whether you murdered him intentionally or not. He was a traitor, and we are glad he is dead. What we want is the diamond."

"I have already told you I have not got it."

Crispo snorted scornfully.

"We want the sacred stone!" added Guido, stubbornly.

"I have explained to you in clear words. The diamond has been hunted for with minute care, a search being made that would have brought the point of a needle to light. The red stone is not in my possession."

Dolores, listening, shivering, fearing for her husband's life, had been eager to have her word. Now she spoke.

"Senores," she exclaimed, "I feel that I have the right theory. Go to Vera Cruz and open the grave of Radd Bodil."

"It was done by us before the man had been twenty-four hours dead. The diamond was not there. We knew it would not be when we uncovered the grave, but we made sure."

"Sure?" interposed Crispo contemptuously. "Why, Radd, himself, said plainly that his master had it. Do the dying lie when it will do them no good? No! He spoke and he knew."

The hawk-faced man paused briefly, thrust his evil face farther forward and pointed a long finger at Windham.

"You have it!" he added malevolently. "It is ours. Give it to us!"

The American was in a mood of desperation.

"I tell you——"

"Tell no more lies!" Francisco interrupted. "We are here to get the sacred stone. Give it to us or plainly refuse. Choose between life and death!"

Windham was facing the most serious moment of the whole adventure. To refuse meant death, yet he could not give up something he did not have. The story will be brought to a close next week and the solution is as strange as the story itself.

Sorry He Left.

THE Congressional party brought back many stories from the fighting fronts in France.

"At a camp for German prisoners behind the British lines," said a member of the party in Washington, "a detail was called out for some ditch digging. None of the British guards could speak German and none of the Germans seemed to be able to understand a word of English.

"Under the circumstances it was difficult to give orders, and the 'Tommies' had a terrible time showing the prisoners what they wanted done. For this reason they drove the diggers a little harder, perhaps, than the union rules allow.

"Finally one big German, his face aglow with perspiration, dropped his shovel, straightened up painfully and said in a tone of genuine disguest:

"'Ach! Why in h—l did I ever leave Baltimore!'"

* * *

No Cause for Worry.

THE other afternoon a woman rushed excitedly down an alley in a poor quarter and, stopping at a house, knocked loudly. Receiving no reply, she knocked a second time. Still no answer.

A third time she knocked, and then a window above was hastily flung open and a woman whose appearance betrayed signs of a sudden awakening leaned out.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

The woman below looked up and explained, with hated breath: "Mrs. Skinner, yer husband's got ten days!"

"Dear, dear me, Mrs. Jones," was the reply, "is that all? 'Ow yer did unnerve me! Ah thought it was that scarecrow after the rent again."

* * *

A Neat Compliment.

A NUMBER of literary men and also a number of others with literary aspirations had assembled at a dinner. Two minor poets became engaged in conversation.

"I saw your spring poem in the Wonder Magazine," said one.

"Did you?" questioned the other, becoming animated.

"Yes, I heard rather a neat compliment passed on it by a young woman."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to know if I had written it."

* * *

A Costly Vocation.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT at a flying school in France talked about his father's farming experiences.

"My father," he said, "was a gentleman farmer for many years. Now he'd have a ranch. Now he'd have a plantation. The experience was costly.

"'Father,' I said to him one day in my childhood, 'what is a gentleman farmer?'

"'Quentin,' said my father, 'a gentleman farmer is a chap who never raises anything except his hat.'"

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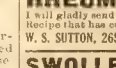

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The Pendulum of Fate

(Continued From Page 5.)

John Ross to speak for him, and with that, and long range photographs of The Oaks, the newspapers had to rest content pending the official inquiry.

Chief Foster, fussy, pompous, and relishing his authority, speedily made his appearance, and immediately superseded Frere in command of the situation. He spoke in an exaggeratedly hushed tone to Barbara and Blair, whom he had known for years, altho this was his first opportunity to come into intimate contact with them, and then began his examination of the room and Colonel Randolph's wound. His examination was brief, and largely perfunctory, for there was little to be ascertained from it, but Foster made a great show of impressive whispered consultations with Blair and Detective Frere. Barbara, viewing it all vaguely as a slightly blurred cinema picture, found her attention diverted from the tragedy for the first time by the tip-toe steps, hushed tones and extravagantly solemn demeanor of the chief. How like a sublimated undertaker he acted!

Presently Chief Foster called Blair to him and made a whispered suggestion. Blair nodded gravely, and turned to Barbara. "Come," he said, and led her across the hall and into the drawing-room. They did not want her in the library while the examination was being made. She realized this, and appreciated the thoughtfulness.

"The doctor says that the Colonel probably will die," Frere confided to his superior. "He was struck a heavy blow and his skull was crushed. He is unconscious and won't be able to speak for a long time even if he does survive. It would be my tip to go ahead and hold a hearing here and now, for it's likely to develop into a murder charge sooner or later anyhow."

Chief Foster nodded.

"Good idea," he said. "I'll do it. Get busy and round up all the witnesses."

CHAPTER VI.

SUSPICION IS AROUSED.

IN THE drawing-room Blair placed Barbara gently in a big chair, and drew off his light sweater and put it about her shoulders. It was warm, but she was trembling and shivered as if from cold. It was her first relaxation and relief from the strain she had been under both mentally and physically. Her eyelids fluttered and closed, the little color there had been in her cheeks fled, and with a quivering sigh her slender form sank down, wholly inert.

Blair thought she had fainted, and he spoke to her, calling her name, but at the sound of his voice she stirred and as he bent over her he saw that the floodgates of tears had been opened. She did not sob, but the tears rolled down her wan cheeks and her chin and mouth trembled with the emotion she made no effort to conceal.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured.

He realized the terrible shock she had undergone, and he knew how genuine and deep her grief must be. She had been completely devoted to Colonel Randolph, even as he was to her. The bonds of affection that united them had been long years in forming, and Blair knew that they were not lightly to be sundered. As he looked down at her an almost irresistible impulse came over him to take her in his arms and comfort her and attempt to assuage her grief, but his mind reverted to the scene he had witnessed only the night before, and he knew that role was not for him.

He turned away and stood by a window for a moment, then the desire to minister to her came to him again and he slipped quietly out of the room. When he returned he carried a glass of wine. "Here, Barbara," he said. "Try to drink a little of this."

For the first time then, as he sought to place the wineglass in her hand, he saw the money which she still clutched, and, wondering, he slipped the bank notes from her fingers. The act seemed to rouse her even more than the stimulant, for a faint color came into her face as she explained, "I—I was just bringing it back to him when——"

"Bringing it back?" Blair questioned.

"Yes, I came over to see him this morning, and he had a great deal of money. A man had just brought it to him to pay him for a farm, he said." Blair nodded gravely. Barbara's thoughts had gone back to the talk she had had with the Colonel, and she forgot about the money. "Oh, Blair," she exclaimed, "it just can't be true! He was so happy then, and so—so like he always was, and—and it just doesn't seem possible that he may be—dying—now! He was so good, and kind, and generous! I can see him now, and hear his voice as he laughed and teased me."

The tears came again, and Blair soothed her as he would a child. "You mustn't think of that," he said, gently. "It only makes you more unhappy, and you know he would not want you to be unhappy. Tell me about the money."

"I told him I wanted some money—a thousand dollars"—she was striving for self-control—"and he gave it to me. Afterward I found that I did not need it, and I was bringing it back. It—it was for Matt."

Until she spoke the name Blair had not realized that his brother was absent, and he was startled.

"For Matt," he repeated. "Why, where is Matt?"

His thoughts were racing as she replied: "He's gone—gone away. He—he was in a great hurry. He couldn't wait to see you, he said, and I was to say good-by to you for him."

More mystification! Why had Matt gone away? And how constrained she seemed as she spoke of him! And the money—what was Barbara doing with money for Matt?

"Barbara, what did you say? Has Matt gone away?"

She could not tell him of the horrible suspicion that had suggested itself to her mind when she recalled the circumstances of Matt's departure, and her constraint was increased as she answered him. "Yes, he decided to go very suddenly, he said. I—I only had a few words with him."

"Uncle did not tell me that Matt was going away," Blair said slowly.

Barbara sat forward in her chair. "Blair, when did you see your uncle?"

"Not more than an hour or an hour and a half ago." He spoke even more slowly, as if trying to fix the time.

"Was it"—she hesitated, and then plunged—"are you sure you saw him after Matt left?"

He had not answered, and they were staring, white-faced and wide-eyed, at each other when they heard a quick, heavy step on the hardwood floor of the hall. The hangings in the doorway were pushed aside and Frere appeared.

"The chief is ready," he announced. "You and Miss Byrd are wanted in the library."

Who had struck down the Colonel? That was the question that all wanted answered. Events develop swiftly in the last half of this story, to be published in the Ledger next week.

Family Troubles

"IT'S nice to have a big family, because when a lot of them go to war it gives you a big bunch of stars on your service flag," observed the man with the big cigar.

"Big families are nice for everybody but the families themselves," observed the man who was putting his cigar money into Thrift Stamps.

"Did you have to wear pass-down clothes in your family?" asked the man with the big cigar.

"No," said the man who was saving cigar money for Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. "I was the big brother. No one but a big brother suffers. A young fellow is proud of the older members of the family, a big brother is something to boast about. But who ever heard a boy bragging about his little brothers?

"The little brothers are more or less an aggravation and mortification to a boy of spirit. The first time I was notified that I had a little new brother I was glad, but from the second until the eleventh it was more or less of a disgrace to me.

"When my mother would announce that we were all invited out to dinner and that we would all pile into the carriage immediately after church and ride to the place where we were invited to eat I would refuse to go with the rest of the bunch. There would be too many of us!

"I never would march into church with the others, either, if I could help myself. I would dodge in thru a side door. We never knew which would be the most inconspicuous way of moving in a body that way, whether to march two by two or in fours like any other army or delegation, or just to scramble in any old way like a mob.

"I was the only one in the family who knew what embarrassment was. Sometimes when we would all be lined up in the front row at the top of a long aisle Sally would suddenly get the nose bleed and I would have to march her out. Or Billy would get a bad case of cramps and I would have to walk out with him.

"I used to frown back at mother and whisper, 'Let him go by himself!' but it never did any good. Billy always had on shoes that squeaked at every step, and he didn't care how much they squeaked. In fact, he was rather proud of it and he had a certain knack for making them squeak louder than any one else in the world could. He was as shameless as a man who goes around with a pocket full of smokes and doesn't offer any to his friends."

Probably Right at That.

Hi—"What course is Sarah studying in that boarding school?"

Si—"I can't remember, but I think it's cosmetics."

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Only $1.00 and after trial

YES, the New Edison Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand New Diamond Amberol Records on free trial without a penny down. Now, on this offer, you can have the finest, the best that money can buy at a price very much less than that at which imitations of the genuine Edison Amberolas are offered. Seize this opportunity.

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Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

To F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist.
A-501 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

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Address.....

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Seems unbelievable—but read this announcement through and you will see how it can be done. You simply must not miss this chance to get a complete Conservatory Course in Music prepared for home study by most eminent teachers—Wm. H. Sherwood, Protheroe, Rosenbecker, Crampton, etc. Endorsed by Paderewski, Sousa, Damrosch and other masters. Most complete, thorough instructions ever devised. Anyone can master their favorite instrument now. Your choice of any instrument or voice.

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STANDARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 400, Chicago, Ill.

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(Name course wanted). I will pay $3.45 on arrival, if not satisfied that it is worth $50 to me will send it back in 5 days and you will return my money.

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We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

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Send Coupon for Dollar Trial FREE!

To anyone suffering from Eczema or kindred skin ailments, we make this unlimited offer: Send us your name and address on the coupon below and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Giles A. Mills' Compound Krano-Zema Treatment—all in plain wrapper—to **Try Free.** Mr. Mills accidentally discovered this treatment and cured himself after doctors and skin specialists failed. Since curing himself (over five years ago) it has cured thousands of others. Krano-Zema is a home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then after trying it 15 days, **if you are satisfied** with the relief and comfort it gives you, send the price, One Dollar. **If not, it costs you nothing.** You decide and we take your word. We have every confidence in the merits of Krano-Zema to **give you the benefit you so much desire.** But, if it fails, the test has been entirely at our expense and your report cancels the charge.

Don't wait another day. Don't continue to suffer. You have all to gain and nothing to lose. Show this offer to everyone you know who has eczema. They'll thank you; so will we. But, send for your treatment now. Address your letter like this: **KRANO-ZEMA COMPANY, 924 Phillips Bldg., Girard, Kansas. Send no money—just this coupon.**

Trial Coupon—No Letter Required

KRANO-ZEMA Co., 924 Phillips Bldg., Girard, Kan.

Send to address below a Full Size Dollar Treatment of Krano-Zema, postpaid. I'll use it as directed. If benefited, I will send you $1 within 15 days. If not benefited I will write and tell you so and will then owe you nothing for the treatment.

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The Kaiser actually believes that God is talking to him—DAILY. While, in reality, it's not God at all—but the Devil of Hate who is whispering in his ear. This awful blunder has changed him into the world's most dangerous mad-man—who has created a hell of war on earth!

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Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

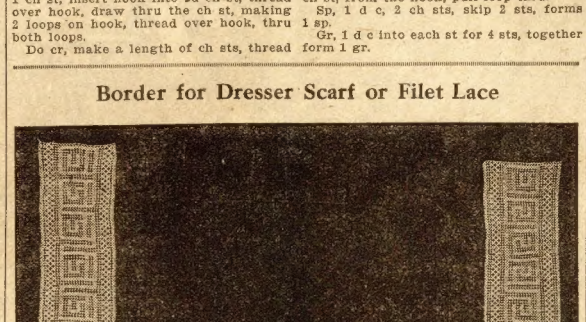
Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Border for Dresser Scarf or Filet Lace



THIS conventional design can be made of any size thread to fit the dresser top. Number 50 mercerized crochet cotton makes a medium sized lace; finer or coarser cotton can be used as desired.

Start with 92 ch sts.

First Row—Make 29 sp, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 13 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 15 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 16 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 10 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventh Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 4 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Ninth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, * 1 gr, 2 sp, repeat * until you have 6 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Tenth and Eleventh Rows—Repeat 9th row.

Twelfth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 4 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Thirteenth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourteenth Row—Repeat 13th row.

Fifteenth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 13 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixteenth Row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 14 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Seventeenth Row—Repeat 16th row.

Eighteenth Row—1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 13 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

You will observe that this is the same as second row; repeat for the length required.

Using the last st of each of twenty-nine rows as a foundation, start with the first row and make the sides, then repeat across the back.

Whip the back to the ends of the sides to match the front.

Hem your linen the size required to fit the dresser, baste the lace inside the hem, sew the edges of the lace securely, and with a sharp-pointed scissors cut the linen from underneath, allowing a narrow hem at each side.

Whip this to the gr at each side of the lace. This scarf will be one which can be used for everyday wear and will endure many trips to the laundry.

A plain hem is all that is necessary for a finish, but if a crocheted edge is desired, a neat finish is made by making a narrow hem and crocheting over this as follows: * 7 s c, 5 ch sts, forming 1 p, repeat * around the four sides.

Pale Blue Waists Becoming.

WOMEN have grown a bit tired of flesh pink blouses and the many of these undoubtedly becoming models are shown, the preference of fashion seems to be for cream, ecru, or pale blue in blouse wear. Pale blue chiffon and voile blouses are enchanting, and many of them have extra becoming white touches in the way of collar, vest and cuff of pin-tucked organdy. If the pink blouse had to be laundered carefully, the blue one will require even more care, but no doubt some one will produce a coloring powder which will restore the dainty blue shade as successfully as the shade of pink blouses could be restored after exposure to soap and water.

Blue and Olive Drab.

SO MANY of the pretty maids one meets with uniformed soldier boys are in frocks of blue that one speculates whether blue is not the shade of shades to "go" with olive drab. The blue frocks are of taffeta mostly, or of taffeta and chiffon in combination. One charming model has a princess panel merging into a broad sash that gives a very graceful line at the front. The pointed overskirt of chiffon is edged with a 10-inch "hem" or ungathered flounce of taffeta.

To Mend Lace.

WHEN fine lace gets torn it may be made to look new by placing beneath the worn pieces the thinnest of white muslin and darning down. The patch doesn't show at all.

Quaint Boudoir Cap.

A PRETTY little cap that reminds one faintly of the head coverings worn by French sailors—in shape, not in coloring—is made of pale pink crepe de chine. A straight band four inches wide or so of the silk is edged with a frill of inch wide lace and banded with rows of insertion to match. The crown is made of fine Brussels net over the pink silk and is divided into four segments by straps of narrow pink satin or velvet ribbon, the center of the crown, where they cross, being adorned by a fluffy pink pompon.

To Patch Wall Paper.

IF WALL paper is broken or marred in places it may be successfully repaired by cutting from a remnant of new paper figures or groups of figures corresponding to those that need repairing. The outline of the design should be carefully followed in cutting and the whole should be matched and pasted exactly. If the new paper is hung in the sunlight till it is faded a bit the mended place will escape the notice of even a critical observer. Without fading it shows very little.

Fluting of Self Material.

ONE little blouse of flesh batiste has no trimming at all except self-fluting on the long, narrow shawl collar and turned back cuffs. Another, also as simple, is in white with short roll collar finished by wide hemstitched hem and edged by filet.

FREE!

Write today for a free trial bottle of D.D.D. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, D.D.D. will bring you instant relief. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases. Write today for free trial bottle.

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The Standard Skin Remedy

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itch, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small trial bottle. Write today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the world are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief.

Write Today For Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send today without fail.

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Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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Mark H. Jackson, 640 D, Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.
I accept your offer. Send to:

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Where Men Are Scarce.

Maud—"The vicar says there is no marrying in heaven."

Mabel—"Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men to go round."

Where He Learned.

She—"You don't act as if I was the first girl you ever kissed."

He—"Well—er—you see—I used to play those kissing games when I was a child."

Love Is Blind.

The Bride (at the second breakfast)—"Tea or coffee, dear?"

The Bigroom—"Don't tell, love. Let me guess."

What They Are.

Captain—"Have you got your sea legs yet?"

Clothilde—"Just what are sea legs?"

Captain—"Rolling pins, my dear."

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I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Comer raincoats. I paid Ell Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-123, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—BIG SUMMER SELLER. Something new—Concentrated soft drinks; just add water. Delicious fruit flavors in a jiffy. Popular for the home, picnics, parties, socials, etc. Small packages; carry in pocket. Enormous demand. Agents making $6 to $12 a day. Outfit free to workers. Just a postal today. E. M. Feltman, 5554 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

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MEN AND WOMEN—YOU CAN MAKE FROM $6.00 to $10.00 profit each day selling Sanitary Brushes for all purposes. All or part time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1966 Broadway, New York.

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SOMETHING NEW IN PORTRAITS AND frames; big proposition; write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

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BE INDEPENDENT. Chiropractic doctors earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; work for yourself; this good paying profession quickly learned by correspondence; low rates; easy terms; illustrated book and charts free. American University, 173 Manierre Building, Chicago.

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MEN, WOMEN, 18 OR OVER, WANTED IM- mediately for U. S. government war positions. Thousands clerical positions open, $100 month. Easy work. Write immediately for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 22, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MADE $2,000 IN BACK YARD RAISING Hell," free, by sending 25c for "How Can Kaiser" and cutlery cleaner. Cook's Mfg., Rockport, Ind.

GINSENG—GOLDEN SEAL

PLANT GINSENG OR GOLDEN SEAL THIS fall. No better investment. 50 by 100 feet planted in either, at maturity, would be worth $2,000 to $3,500. Write for booklet and price list of seed and plant. The Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box M, Narrows, Ky.

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WANTED: AT ONCE. DROP FORGE hammermen. Good wages. Piece work and hour work. Apply Lakeside Forge Co., Erie, Penna.

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 200, Omaha, Nebraska.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installment plan. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

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WRITE WARPHOTOPLAYS. FREE IN- formation. Photoplay Bureau, Box 683, Los Angeles, Calif.

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WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to woman's National Magazine, Desk 264, Washington, D. C.

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SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has made a astounding, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (C.I.H.)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinzo Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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SUCCESS IN ALL THINGS. WOULD YOU be successful in business, in love and in life? If so send $1 for the booklet The Twelve Secrets of Success, which has aided so many. Maud Lindon, 1229 East 50th Street, Chicago.

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FASCINATING ROSE DEW-DROP PER- fume. Send only 20c for valuable outfit and make $1.00 hour. D. Union Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

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MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

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STOP QUARRELING; MAKE HOME HAP- py, cause, effect, cure. Act now. Send 25 cents. Box 331, Lumberton, N. C.

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HIM

I have had the pleasure of Specialist Sproule's friendship for a number of years. I know him to be a man of kindly, generous personality, who gives every man "a square deal."

Specialist Sproule has devoted a lifetime to his specialty—Diseases of the Ears. He holds a diploma as graduate in Medicine and Surgery from the far famed Dublin University, with numerous other degrees conferred upon him.

You should see, as I have, the hundreds and hundreds of letters from Deaf people telling of perfect hearing restored, and terrible Head Noises stopped. You would be saddened too, as I was, by the piles of letters, the writers of which have been refused and told as gently as possible,—"there is no hope for you. You have delayed the matter too long." Hard as it is for Specialist Sproule to speak thus plainly, he wants no patients he cannot cure. To every inquirer he gives his honest opinion and advice.

This in brief is what I know of Specialist Sproule, a man of large heart and thoughtful brain, a man who is today recognized as one of the foremost Specialists on Deafness and Head Noises. I am more than glad to give deaf readers this proof of my friendship for them, by telling of the great offer he is making to Deaf people. He offers to give Free Treatment for Deafness and Head Noises to all who write for it. This is one of the kindest deeds ever done, and I can only hope that everyone of the readers of Boyce's Weeklies who are Deaf, will write for the treatment immediately.

A FRIEND.

PICTURES OF FOUR HAPPY PEOPLE I HAVE CURED

Mr. J. R. Wheeler

Mr. Joseph Styles

Mr. Edward F. Schaeffer

Mr. Louis E. Oeser

LETTER FROM MR. J. R. WHEELER, 700 Methow St., Wenatchee, Wash.

DEAF FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS.

"Dear Dr. Sproule:—When I wrote you first I never expected to get rid of my trouble—Deafness of 39 years standing—so quickly. From the first I was benefited, and now I hear as well as ever. I can hear every word of the sermon, and not only that, but my health is also much improved.

I cannot express my gratitude to you for all you have done for me. I never miss an opportunity of speaking well of your splendid treatment, and of advising my old comrades to consult you if their hearing is failing.

I told you before of my being a drummer boy in the army when only 11, and one of my greatest troubles was not being able to hear the old drum. Now I hear every note of it."

TREATMENT WORTH TWICE THE AMOUNT PAID.

Dear Dr. Sproule:—There is not a day but I thank God that I took your treatment. It cured me of Catarrh, Deafness and Nervousness, and I have no more trouble with Head Noises. It was certainly worth twice the amount paid for it, and I can never thank you enough for the wonderful good your remedies did me. I shall be only too glad to recommend them to anyone suffering as I did.

With every good wish and grateful thanks, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD F. SCHAEFFER;
R. 12. York, Penna.

GREAT AND WONDERFUL TREATMENT.

My dear Friend and Doctor:—I cannot thank you enough for your great and wonderful treatment. I do not know what I should have done or how I should have got along without it, and I shall always be grateful to you for my restored hearing. I have no more trouble with my ears and my health is splendid, and it is all due to your remedies. I am out in all kinds of weather, and I waited to see if my improvement would last, but the good you did me is certainly continuing.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours truly, Mr. JOSEPH STYLES,
3020 Lloyd Ave., Chicago, Ills.

CURED EASILY.

LETTER FROM MR. LOUIS E. OESER, Box 10, Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Dear Friend and Physician:—I know you will be glad to hear that I am still enjoying the best of health and hearing. No matter what sort of weather we have, there is never any return of my old troubles. I cannot speak too highly of your treatment or of what it did for me in such a short time. I was cured, and that is now nine years ago.

I always recommend you to anyone I meet who is afflicted with Deafness; for I am sure you can help them as you did me.

Write **DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE,**
(Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.)
306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON.

IF YOU ARE GROWING DEAF OR HAVE HEAD NOISES

The above is the whole purpose of this chat I want to have with you. You see my photograph here, you have read what a friend says about me, and you have read the letters from those four friends of mine in the corner. Now, I would like to have a frank talk with you.

All the introduction to you I need is the fact that you are not hearing quite so well as you did sometime in your life. Perhaps it is only a slight Deafness that catches you when you have a cold, or just renders the words of strangers a mumbled mass. You can't quite sense the matter, you only get a word here and there. Perhaps you are developing Head Noises. They only come occasionally at first, but they increase until life seems unbearable.

It may be you have been anxious about your Deafness before this, and have tried various methods, and numerous doctors. You are worried about this matter, aren't you? You realize how much rests on you. It may be you have a dependent family. What would happen if you were thrown out of employment? What would become of you if you should become totally deaf? Shut out from church—from school—from business—from the voices of your neighbors and friends—from all that makes life worth living.

A NEW DEAFNESS TREATMENT

For 30 odd years I have been preparing to answer those questions of yours, with words of encouragement. I have studied the subject of Deafness and Head Noises until I know its every form and manifestation, and I say to you that **Deafness and Head Noises May Be Cured.** My new successful treatment has given back once more to hundreds and hundreds of people, young and old, the blessed possession of Good Hearing.

Stop and think of a method which overcomes the Catarrhal difficulties and tendencies, which feeds the nervous system and stimulates the nerves of hearing; which clears the Eustachian tubes and allays the inflammation, so that the ear drum is free to vibrate with each delicate sound wave. Does it not seem to you that such a method **must** cure unless the case was too far advanced?

So sure am I that my method is right **I am offering a Free Deafness or Head Noises Treatment to all who write for it.**

Read over the questions below, carefully. It is a serious matter. If you must answer "yes" to even one or two of them, there's danger ahead. Answer the questions yes or no, write your full name and address on the coupon, cut it out, and send it to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston.

I will send you a Free Treatment without a cent's worth of cost to you, and I will tell you about your case and what I can do for you. You will get an honest opinion. I want to help you and save you from that terrible affliction,—Deafness. All I ask is that you write immediately; send off the coupon now; slip it in an envelope, or paste it on a post card. You will receive the treatment by return post.

As the result of this little talk I hope to be the means of restoring to you or some friend,—Good Hearing. Allow me to send you a Free Treatment, by writing for it today, and I shall be satisfied.

TEAR HERE

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
DEAFNESS

Deafness Specialist Sproule: I have answered your questions. Please send me a Deafness Treatment, and write me your opinion of my case. It is understood that both treatment and advice are absolutely Free to me.

Do your ears itch?
Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Do both ears trouble you?
Does wax form in your ears?
How long have you been deaf?
Do you have pain in your ears?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you hear better in a noisy place?
Did your Deafness come on gradually?
Do you have a discharge from either ear?
Do you have ringing sounds in your ears?
Is your Deafness worse when you have a cold?
Can you hear some sounds better than others?
Are there hissing sounds like steam escaping?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

Full Name .....

Address .....

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
HEADNOISES

Deafness Specialist Sproule:—I have answered your questions. Please send me a Head Noises Treatment, and write me your opinion of my case. It is understood that both Treatment and advice are absolutely Free to me.

Do your ears throb?
Do your ears crack?
Do your ears feel full?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you have pains in the ears?
How long have you had the noises?
Is the sound sometimes a hissing one?
Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
Have you had discharges from the ear?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do the noises ever keep you awake at night?
Is there a snapping sound in your ears when you blow your nose?

Full Name .....

Address .....